The Nation.

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The Week.

The more the President's betrayal of civil-service reform is defended, the worse it looks, both for him and for his apologists. Poor Mr. Gage is rapidly adopting the melancholy hypocrisies of the spolismen. Unable to break the force of the damaging attacks of veteran reformers like Mr. E. P. Wheeler, he fails back on that hoary old shibboleth of the looters, that he is in entire sympathy with the merit system, but that he is no "bigot" about reform, and desires above all things to make it "practical." This is the precise defence of the drunken temperance lecturer. He was a prohibitionist, he told the astonished deacon who found him embracing the lamp-post, but not a bigoted one. Unluckily for Mr. Gage, on the same morning that his dodging reply to Mr. Wheeler appears, Senator Hanna comes along to upset the whole apple-cart by brutally declaring that the President's order was intended to get rid of the appointees whom Cleveland "saddled upon the Republican party." This makes it needless for Mr. Gage further to hurt his own reputation by writing more whitewashing letters.

It was not simply the pledge which Mr. McKinley made to the people of the country generally that the President broke when he issued his recent order, but a further personal promise which he made to one of the leading civil-service reformers of the country. Mr. William D. Foulke of Indiana testifies that when he called at the White House with other reformers a year ago, and after the President had spoken of the necessity of excluding some places from the operation of the rules, he (Foulke) said that they hoped that, if he did this, he would at the same time include in the classified service some other places, at least equal in number and importance to those excepted, so that it would appear in the order itself that no backward step was taken; and that the President answered that he "intended to include a great many more places than those which were excepted." But despite this promise, not a single office was included in the order when it finally came, and, naturally enough, to Mr. Foulke "the failure to include these places seems to be more surprising than the exceptions actually made." By the way, speaking of this evidence from Indiana to Mr. McKinley's faithlessness, does not the present situation call for the revival by Mr. Lucius B. Swift of his *Civil-Service Chronicle*, which he suspended because he thought the time had come when there would be no "backward step" in this matter?

The civil-service order has stripped the mask from the President. We see him now in his true character. He is the same man who, as Governor of Ohio, spoke the clergy and philanthropists fair, but turned over the charitable institutions of the State to the spoilsmen as no Democratic Governor had ever dared to do. He is the man who said he was against Hawaiian annexation, but put it through; against a war with Spain, but allowed a group of Congressmen to "hold a stop-watch" on him till he brought it on; against taking the Philippines, but took them. In all, his method has been one and the same—to start with a mind absolutely blank of conviction, and a will wholly without the power of initiative; to say little except to agree heartily with both sides; to put off decision till the last moment, but finally to go with the crowd. The only satisfaction—and we confess it is a melancholy one—to be got out of the exhibition of himself which the President has made in this violation of personal and party pledges, is that his adulators will hereafter be dispensed from their nauseous task. If crawling on their bellies before him no longer deceives the public, they may fairly beg off from the job.

"No Civil Service for Hershey." Such is the head-line over a dispatch from Harrisburg, Pa., and the story which this dispatch tells is one that is duplicated from many another place in every part of the country where there is an important federal office. Hershey is Collector of Internal Revenue at the capital of Pennsylvania. When he succeeded to the office by Quay's appointment (his commission being signed by William McKinley as the Senator's clerk), he found a number of gaugers and storekeepers who had been appointed during the Cleveland administration. Hershey wanted their places for henchmen of Quay, but they were honest and efficient, so that there was no ground for their removal, and even if they had been removed, the men who wanted the offices would not be likely to pass the competitive examination required. But within forty-eight hours after the President issued his order turning over these places to the spoilsmen, Hershey had turned out three of these Democrats and installed three Quay workers, and the rest will have to go as soon as it can be decided whose claims for their places are strongest.

An element of truth there undoubtedly is in all the rumors about friction between the members of the Philippine Commission, given now as a reason for President Schurman's early home-coming. The trouble has been not in the personnel of the Commission, but in its contradictory instructions. President McKinley has bidden both warriors and peace-makers a hearty godspeed. Otis was to push things, while Schurman was to soothe and conciliate the natives. No such combination of peace and war was ever known before, and it is no wonder that the wires from Manila have been kept hot with inquiries which policy was to prevail, peace or war. McKinley, with characteristic large-mindedness, has ordered both policies to prevail. He strongly approves of Otis and tells him to go on with his killing; but just as strongly approves of Schurman and urges him to go on waving the olive branch. If this looks like a policy of drift and muddle, the moral is that it is well to have an Executive who can make up his mind. The President's orders to Otis and Schurman, as we gather them from results, must have been modelled upon the famous softening down of the Ten Commandments:

> "Thou shalt not kill, but need'st not strive
> Officiously to keep alive."

The *Tribune's* Washington correspondent is doing excellent work in exposing the topheavy, job-ridden organization of the War Department. We do not know if the Administration will consider itself "knifed" by such articles in such a paper, but we do know that a knife was never more clearly called for. A simple comparison of records shows how absurdly overgrown the Department is. The Secretary may not have known how to organize victory, but he did know how to organize a bureau stuffed with favorites and incompetents. In 1863, with a million men in arms, Secretary Stanton was able to do all the work of his office with a clerical force of 665 men. But the numbers had grown to 1,366 in 1897, when the entire military establishment amounted to only 29,000 men. How the war "emergency" enabled Alger to swell the rolls still further, and with questionable legality, the *Tribune's* correspondent shows convincingly, and with abundant specifications. But the magnificent Alger waves all this aside, and, with a significant glance at McKinley, as much as to say, "Turn me out if you dare," asks, "What of it?"

Ex-Minister Barrett, who represented the United States at the court of Siam under President Cleveland, and afterwards spent two years in the Philippines, addressed the Union League Club of Chicago last week on the subject of

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the political and commercial importance of those islands. Before commenting on his speech, it is well to glance at a former utterance of his on the subject of our policy in the Philippines. On the 12th of January last, in a speech before the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, he said:

> "May I humbly go on record as declaring that it would be far better for the United States to treat this leader [Aguinaldo] and his people with caution and consideration, eventually obtaining the end to be desired without serious loss of life and great expense, rather than peremptorily demand his absolute surrender, be forced into a most unhappy conflict which would, from its guerilla nature, mean the loss of hundreds of good lives, the expenditure of large sums of money, and, saddest and worst of all, the development of a feeling of hatred and revenge towards Americans among eight millions of subject natives which the kind treatment of a hundred years cannot remove?"

The unhappy conflict against which Mr. Barrett warned the authorities at Manila and at Washington has taken place and is still in progress. It has entailed the loss of hundreds of good lives, and the expenditure of large sums of money, and undoubtedly it has provoked a feeling of hatred and revenge which will outlast the present generation.

Now Mr. Barrett says that if he were asked what was the great signal result of the last war with Spain, and which has amply repaid us for all the difficulties brought upon us by our assumption of sovereignty over the Philippines, it is simply this: "That it has suddenly and unexpectedly made us the first Power in the Pacific." It is this which compensates us not only for all the American blood shed in Cuba, but also for all that has been, or is yet to be, spilled in the Philippines. Now, what is meant by being the first Power in the Pacific? It means having the power to kill the largest number of men, burn the largest number of cities, and destroy the largest amount of property in a given time. This is what every speaker and every hearer of such words understands by them. Sometimes the phrase is varied a little, as, for example, when the newspapers of Paris talk about making the Mediterranean a French lake. That means having the power to sweep off, destroy, or drive out all other naval forces. Two questions properly follow Mr. Barrett's assumption. One is whether the acquirement of the power to do the most killing, burning, and destroying in a given time in the Pacific Ocean can be considered an advantage to the American people. The other is whether this power came to us by reason of the war with Spain and the seizure of the Philippines. If both of these questions must be answered in the negative, then Mr. Barrett appears to us to have deteriorated as a teacher since he addressed the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce last January.

The kind of war that is now going on in the Philippines was described by a French writer, André Bellesort, in 1897. His article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* telling what he saw there, when the Spaniards were trying to conquer a people fighting for their liberty, is republished in *Littell's Living Age*. The Spanish officers with whom he talked said that they saw no probable end to the insurrection; that even if they succeeded in buying Aguinaldo, the whole thing would break out again in three months, and that if they would not buy him, Spain would eventually be exhausted; that European soldiers could not stand the climate, and that they were in a very bad strait. "The spectacle of these men, whose courage is unimpeachable, stranded there, and spent with fatigue and homesickness, was heartrending." In short, these Spanish soldiers were undergoing the same tortures that ours are suffering now, and for the same cause—*i. e.*, in order to subjugate a free people. A lieutenant-colonel entertained M. Bellesort with tales of his skirmishes with the insurgents, expressing his hearty detestation of a campaign of snares and ambuscades. They were perpetually harassed, he said, by invisible foes, who never would stand up to a fair fight. The insurgents knew to a man how many soldiers were operating against them, but the Spaniards never knew whether there were five, or ten, or a hundred thousand men opposed to them. Moreover, the Filipinos were brave men. They would dance and brandish their bolos at the very muzzles of the Spanish guns. Neither pain nor the fear of annihilation could daunt them. These are the kind of men that we send the flower of American youth, descendants of Revolutionary sires, to kill and be killed by. Oh, Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!

A telegram from Washington says that a private cablegram from Admiral Dewey to a friend in that city expresses his unwillingness to accept the donation of a home, but adds that he would be glad to have any money collected for his benefit used in the establishment of a soldiers' and sailors' home. It is added that the committee having charge of the fund will continue their collections, and that when the sum originally intended to be raised has been secured, a decision will be made as to its disposition. This is equivalent to an abandonment of the undertaking. The sums contributed daily had fallen so low that the project had almost passed out of the public mind. In order to give it a fresh start, a plan was proposed of asking the National Banks of the country to pledge themselve for the moderate sum of $25 each. Such a call, backed by a high official of the Treasury Department, it was thought, would produce the amount required. Most probably the movement will now collapse, for, however worthy may be the alternative charity proposed, such a project does not meet the intentions of the original donors. The whole scheme was nonsensical, and, to use a much-abused word, un-American. Buying houses for military and naval heroes is not wholly without precedent in our country, but such donations have been extremely rare and have never been bestowed upon the winner of only one fight, however meritorious he may have proved himself to be. Admiral Dewey has shown all the qualities of naval greatness that his limited sphere of action permitted, but that sphere was not sufficiently wide to call for a public subscription. Even if it had been wider, Admiral Dewey is not the man to accept gratuities on account of it.

One of the pleasing little assumptions of Imperialists has been that the main thing is to seize territory, and that the settling and civilizing will attend to itself. The theory has already had a good deal of a shock in our experience in the Philippines. We have the islands fast enough, but if there were any good way to let them go, how gladly would we do it. But for this deepening conviction that the United States is now completely stocked up with tropic islands, we should have undoubtedly heard a great outcry over the acquisition of the Carolines and the remaining Ladrones by Germany. As it is, no one peeps. Last summer our most predatory religious papers were calling upon the President to have a war-ship "call" at the Carolines, so as to help along American missions there by seizing the land; but now they see them taken by Germany without a murmur. We know more about civilizing Pacific islands now, even if we are not so happy. Yet experience unrolled an ample page before us to read in, if we had not been so intensely patriotic and filled with the new wine of Destiny that we could not stop to learn from the ventures of other nations. An English official has been writing from Africa to describe the condition of things in the region for the possession of which France and England were on the point of going to war. Speaking of the territory between Leopoldsville and Lake Tanganyika, he says that "perpetual war reigns." Almost every garrison on the Congo has a "punitive expedition" on hand all the time. "The zone of safety, or even so-called civilization, does not exceed a mile back from the river. To venture even a mile from the river would mean to be massacred and probably eaten." Here is truly a hint at the seamy side of Imperialism.

Next to Platt, Quay is the boss most disappointed at the result of the Speakership contest. The head of the Pennsylvania machine hoped that a deal might be made, through which he could throw

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the support of the State's delegation to some candidate whose friends in the Senate would in return help Quay in his struggle to be seated upon the appointment of the Governor. Moreover, Quay, like Platt, wanted a man in the Speaker's chair who would feel under obligation to the bosses, and who could be depended upon to recognize that obligation whenever they should "put on the screws." Incidentally, he hoped to get the clerkship of the House for a personal follower. But, as things have turned out, Gen. Henderson gets the place without any help from Quay, and there has been no chance even to trade the clerkship for the support of the Pennsylvania delegation.

Gen. Henderson is so strong a partisan that he will not stand out stubbornly against any policy upon which the Republican Representatives in Congress shall agree. His instincts and tendencies, however, have been so plainly manifested in the past as to indicate that he will not push forward the cause of imperialism. So recently as last winter he declared that "I look with aversion upon increasing the regular army of my country," that "I have the gravest doubts of the wisdom of this country taking the Philippine Islands, to govern them as United States territory"; and, further, "If you ask me would I enforce a government upon the Filipinos against their will, I answer, 'No.'" It is reassuring to have a Speaker who, upon the testimony of so good a civil-service reformer as Representative McCall of Boston, "has been outspoken for civil-service reform when it showed little signs of popularity in the House." On another important issue Gen. Henderson has earned from the same good judge the commendation that "he is sound upon the money question." The new Speaker has progressive ideas in matters outside the ordinary range of legislation. He was an earnest champion of the movement to establish a free library in Washington, and he was active in securing the passage of the law to prevent prize-fighting in the Territories and the District of Columbia, defending the severity of the punishment proposed—imprisonment from one to five years—by saying that it was "the judgment of the best people in America that severe penalties should be enforced to break up this practice."

That the affair at Coney Island on Friday evening was a genuine prize-fight is universally admitted. It closed with the defeated contestant insensible in the ring—completely "knocked out." Chief Devery sat close by during the contest, but in no way interfered with it, nor did he express any disapproval of its violent ending. Before he started for the scene, he favored the public with a frank expression of his views. "The law is plain," he said. "It is meant to allow younger men to familiarize themselves with the manly art. We are living under a liberal government, and it will be liberal as long as I am here." There is no doubt whatever about the "liberality" of our present police dispensation of law. The Mazet inquiry has shown that to us, though it was perfectly well known before. Few things are more universally obvious than a "wide-open" city. Devery's view of prize-fights is identical with Capt. Price's view of "dives" and "hells," expressed on the witness stand: "There should be such places in all large cities." They are needed for the education of our youth in the manly and kindred arts. They are part of our "liberal government" as administered by Croker and his kind. What more appropriate under such a government than prize-fights at regular intervals? Who opposes prize-fights any way? Why, nobody except reformers, and the people of the city have decided, by the kindly assistance of Platt and Tracy, that Crokerism is preferable to reform rule.

It is an interesting coincidence that the same year should witness the cleansing of the pest hole in Cuba which has been the chief source of yellow-fever infection in this country, and the taking of the first step along the road of thorough-going sanitary reform in the city of the United States which has always done most to spread the disease after it secured a lodgment. Havana has bred the pest by the shameful neglect of the fundamental rules of public health under Spanish rule, and New Orleans has cultivated the epidemic by a neglect only less discreditable. It seems incredible that in this country a city of over a quarter of a million inhabitants, at the close of the nineteenth century, could be without a system of drainage and sewerage, but such is the condition of New Orleans to-day. Last week an election was held to decide whether the property-holders of the city would vote a special tax of two mills per annum, above the ordinary State and city taxes, to be levied for forty-three years, to raise the necessary funds to drain and sewer the city, and to provide municipal waterworks. The agitation had been under way for nearly a year, and at first the reformers were not sanguine of success, but a combination of public-spirited men and women carried on a campaign of education which finally converted almost everybody of either sex, women taxpayers having the right to vote on such questions in Louisiana. The whole country is to be congratulated on this result, as it means that within a few years New Orleans will stand among the most progressive cities in point of public health, and that the United States will no longer maintain in one of its chief ports a breeding-place for epidemic diseases.

The upset of the Dupuy Ministry looks like fresh evidence of the frivolity that has made a sport of cabinets and parties in France during the past ten years, yet it was time for M. Dupuy to depart. He had taken the position that although Dreyfus had been convicted on false testimony, yet the chiefs of the French army, who were responsible for all the injustice that had been done, should not be prosecuted or disturbed. This was an impossible position. It was impossible to say that Dreyfus was innocent and that Mercier and Boisdeffre were innocent also. The Republican party of France, which had committed itself to a new trial for the prisoner of Devil's Island, could not stop short with that. It must go on to the logical consequences of so grave a decision. It must finish the job by trying not merely Esterhazy and Du Paty de Clam, but the men in higher places above them. It was this necessity which drove a sufficient number of the supporters of President Loubet over to the opposition when the vote was taken on the resolution, which was practically a vote of want of confidence. Unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of prime ministers.

The great interest taken by the Prussian royal family in the recent congress at Berlin for the prevention of tuberculosis, and the message which Queen Victoria sent to it, expressing her warm approval and blessing, have been referred to by European correspondents as striking proof of the attention now given to disease problems. But it would be strange indeed if, after the revelations which have been made in recent years regarding the ravages of the deadly tubercule bacillus, sovereigns did not take an interest in the war which medical men have declared against it. If by the invasion of some savage horde more than 70,000 men, women, and children were killed in one year in Great Britain alone, it would be considered the paramount duty of the Queen and Parliament to give every minute of their time to the extermination of the invaders; all the more if it were certain that the same number would be killed every year following by the same enemy. Why, then, should not some attention be given to the enemy that slays those 70,000, even though that enemy be invisible and so small that hundreds of him could find place on the point of a needle? Germany has at present about 1,300,000 sufferers from phthisis, according to the estimate of Prof. Leyden, and 170,000 die annually from this disease. In fifteen years the United States lost over 2,000,000 by tuberculous diseases; and from figures carefully compiled for years it is known that one person in seven or eight dies in America and Europe of tuberculosis, a preventable disease if we but knew, a curable disease, no doubt, when we know more.

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PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT.

The editors and statesmen who, having relegated the Declaration of Independence to obscurity, are now insinuating that a different kind of Constitution would be a good thing, may well ponder the observations of Prof. A. V. Dicey in an article in the June number of the *Harvard Law Review*. It was early pointed out, when the acquisition of the Philippines was under discussion, that the form of government prevailing in the United States was, in some important respects, ill adapted to imperialistic schemes. As long as the treaty with Spain lacked final ratification, however, discussion of this question was tabooed as academic; but now that the thing is done, and old men have seen visions while young men have dreamed dreams, the matter is up again. So representative a paper as the Boston *Herald* has lately, in a leading editorial, announced its conviction that a parliamentary system is what we need, and that the sooner we get it the better off we shall be. It seems to be assumed, without argument, that the English system is the only one that will help us out of our difficulties. Prof. Dicey, whose authority on the subject will not be disputed, gets at the matter from an unexpected quarter by raising the question, Will the form of parliamentary government be permanent?

The prevailing belief in the superiority and permanence of the parliamentary type of government rests mainly upon two grounds—the success of the system in Great Britain, and its spread throughout the world. Of the truth of both these facts there can, of course, be no doubt. Whatever may be thought of her policy or her methods, no one can deny that England is, in the judgment of the world, an extraordinarily successful nation. Moreover, with the exception of the United States, every great Power having a constitutional form of government has followed, more or less closely, the English model. It is not the facts, however, but the inferences hastily drawn from them, that Prof. Dicey calls in question. Has the situation, he asks, the significance commonly attributed to it, after all? Is Great Britain prosperous because she has a Parliament and a responsible ministry; and are her competitors prosperous, also, in proportion as they have imitated her? Is the parliamentary system an essential characteristic of a civilized or progressive state?

On this point Prof. Dicey's observations are worth considering. To begin with, as he points out, the constitutional history of England is quite exceptional. Physically detached from the continent of Europe, its insular position has been its political salvation. It is difficult to believe that a people compelled by their geographical situation to maintain large standing armies as a protection against powerful and hostile neighbors, could ever have developed the free institutions which go to make up political liberty, but to which a military force at the command of the sovereign is a constant menace. Furthermore, while the parliamentary system in England has been the product of long and slow growth, its adoption by other countries has been very recent. Much of the form of the English Constitution was settled under Edward I., who died in 1307; but until the outbreak of the French Revolution, in 1789, the system remained, in general, the exclusive possession of Great Britain, and not until after the middle of the present century did it become practically universal in Europe. But why its spread? Largely, Prof. Dicey thinks, because the patent success of England has made it fashionable, and partly because nations, after a revolution, are prone to indulge in political imitation. It is the fashion to have a Parliament, a Ministry, and an Opposition. Countries as unlike as Canada and Japan have copied the virtues and the weaknesses of the system. But it is largely a fashion, after all, and, like "style" and "good form" in other things, is petted and praised while in vogue, and liable to be discarded when its novelty has worn away.

But there are deeper grounds of doubt. "Faith in Parliaments," says Prof. Dicey, "has undergone an eclipse; in proportion as the area of representative government has extended, so the moral authority and prestige of representative government have diminished." The faith in the saving power of parliamentary institutions, so manifest during the first half of this century, has given way to scepticism and distrust. Seventy-five years ago the people's dearest interests were cheerfully intrusted to the wisdom of a legislative assembly; to-day, we frame constitutions of portentous detail, denounce the party system, and clamor for the referendum and proportional representation. The fathers fought for representative government as the only guarantee of civil and political liberty; the sons cry out that the blessings are small and the evils very great. Parliaments are no longer a novelty, nor are their proceedings secret, and the combination of frequency and publicity has worked to their discredit.

The severest criticism of parliamentary government, however, comes from the acknowledged failure of parliaments to do successfully the work now demanded of them. For destructive work they are well fitted. The abolition of feudal privileges and class distinctions, the demolition of governmental forms and legal codes, and the punishment of enemies and traitors, are operations which representative assemblies have shown much skill in performing. But the legislation demanded at the present day is essentially constructive; and it is here that parliaments and congresses alike have thus far earned small measure of gratitude. The reason, as has often been shown, lies in the inherent unfitness of a large and miscellaneous body of men for the performance of work primarily demanding knowledge, experience, and skill. The protection of property, the assurance of personal rights, and the uplifting of the masses of the people, are the tasks of modern parliaments; they are also the tasks that no parliament has yet performed in any but a bungling way.

Prof. Dicey modestly suggests that his reflections have speculative rather than practical interest; but their significance for us in this country is not altogether remote. Parliamentary government has through centuries become part and parcel of the whole political habit of mind of the English people; but it is not part and parcel of ours, nor have we, historically, any sufficient preparation for it. Seriously to advocate such a change is to demand a form, trusting to luck to give us the substance later on. The whole argument, indeed, rests on the assumption that henceforth we are to do as England does, which is sheer nonsense. If we set out to become an empire, we may very likely have to further amend our Constitution to bring that about; but until we have secured purity in elections, a sound civil service, and a President who will keep his word, we can anticipate no greater success from a parliamentary form of government than we can have whenever we will from the government we now possess.

TRUE EMPIRE-BUILDERS.

Mr. John Morley, in his speech to a Liberal Association on May 25, said that we heard a good deal nowadays about empire-builders, but that we did not always discriminate the true ones from the sham. "Is the only empire-builder," he asked, "the man who goes into Africa or anywhere else, makes a syndicate, takes land from the natives, kills them if they object, acquires a new patch on the map and colors it red?" Mr. Morley proceeded to answer his own question by speaking of Cobden and Bright and those who worked with them to extend English commerce and to spread abroad in the earth the arts of peace, as the men who really laid the foundation of the present British empire.

There is a very simple and conclusive test which can be applied to this matter, in this country as well as in England. Who pays the cost of empire? Whatever else is true of Imperialism, British or American, it is an expensive luxury. It cannot be run on the cheap. The budget swells as glory increases. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, like the chairman of ways and means, has to find his additional millions every year to meet the bills which Imperialism sends in with unfailing re-

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gularity. Where does the money come from? Not from new territory annexed or colonies or protectorates; they are a drain on the Treasury, not feeders. It is the home industry that is taxed to pay for enterprises abroad. It is the impost upon foreign trade and upon domestic commerce, the tax on merchant and banker, upon manufacturers and corporations, which alone enable the Government to pay its sailors and soldiers and ministers and consuls and special agents of expansion. Empire is founded on taxation, and therefore the men in any country who build up its wealth, extend its commerce, develop its industries, carry on its business, are the true artificers of its imperial power.

It is perfectly true, then, as Mr. Morley said, that the statesmen who struck off the shackles from English trade contributed more to make the British empire strong and enduring than any general or explorer or annexer of them all. In like manner is it true of the United States that we are not to look for our real empire-builders to Congress or cabinet, to army or navy, but to our workshops and counting-rooms, ships and railways, and wheat and cotton fields, inventors and captains of industry. There are the sources of our wealth, and what is more, the sources of our national prestige. Who are the men who to-day are doing most to impress the world with the potency of this nation? Not our Admirals or Generals, least of all our Congress, but the manufacturers who are snatching away from all competitors contracts for bridges and steel rails in Egypt and India, and who are selling locomotives in England and ships' plates in Scotland. These are the men who, by their enterprise and skill, are making Europe "sit up" as it recognizes the commercial giant across the sea.

Here we have suggested to us the proper way for the United States to "take her place among the nations." According to our upstart Imperialists, this phrase means going in for a lot of undesirable territory inhabited by undesirable people, keeping them in order, and entering in general upon a course of international swagger and quarrelsomeness. This is very like the parvenu's idea of the pleasure of being rich—to get drunk often and to make a beast of himself. But to take our place among the nations to show them what organized industry can do, what diffused intelligence can make a people capable of, what invention and education and humane reforms can achieve—this is a very cheap thing in the eyes of our Washington vulgarians, who reckon up national power by guns and colonial syndicates and conquered peoples; but it is, nevertheless, the true patriotic ideal to work and live for.

Another overlooked element in imperial strength is peace. In the mouth of Napoleon III., the phrase, "L'Empire c'est la paix," was tricky and insincere, yet there is a great truth in it. Nothing is more remarkable in the long reign of Victoria, under whom the British empire has grown to be what it is, than the Queen's ardent and constant desire and labor for peace. Some one has lately unearthed a sermon preached in St. Paul's by Sydney Smith, at the time of her Majesty's accession, in which occurred the following passage:

"A second great object which I hope will be impressed upon the mind of this Royal lady, is a rooted horror of war—an earnest and passionate desire to keep her people in a state of profound peace. The greatest curse which can be entailed upon mankind is a state of war. All the atrocious crimes committed in years of peace—all that is spent in peace by the secret corruption or by the thoughtless extravagance of nations, are mere trifles compared with the gigantic evils which stalk over the world in a state of war. . . . I would say to that Royal child, Worship God by loving peace—it is not your humanity to pity a beggar by giving him food or raiment—I can do that; that is the charity of the humble and unknown—widen you your heart for the more expanded miseries of mankind—pity the mothers of the peasantry who see their sons torn away from their families—pity your poor subjects crowded into hospitals, and calling in their last breath upon their distant country and their young Queen. . . . Extinguish in your heart the fiendish love of military glory, from which your sex does not necessarily exempt you, and to which the wickedness of flatterers may urge you. Say upon your death-bed, 'I have made few orphans in my reign; I have made few widows: my object has been peace. I have used all the weight of my character, and all the power of my situation, to check the irascible passions of mankind, and to turn them to the arts of honest industry; this has been the Christianity of my throne and this the gospel of my sceptre.'"

This reads almost like unconscious prophecy—a sketch of the real policy the Queen has steadily pursued. She and her Ministers are to-day ruling an empire vastly greater than that of 1837, but they know that peace is essential to its continuance in unabated strength, and so the more England's might grows in their hands, the more they strive to make its every display peaceful. Industry and commerce and peace—these three are the great empire-builders, and the greatest of these is peace.

BIMETALLISM ABROAD.

The Gold-Standard Defence Association of Great Britain has issued a pamphlet giving a summary of the bimetallic controversy to date. The last chapter supplies information concerning the present views and doings of the bimetallists in England, derived from the testimony of Lord Aldenham and Mr. Robert Barclay, the President of the Bimetallic League and the chairman of its executive committee. Both of these gentlemen consider the subject still alive. Both of them think, however, that the battle ought to be fought hereafter on a basis of a ratio of 22 to 1 between silver and gold instead of 15½ or 16 to 1, and, what is still more singular, they think that the United States would coöperate in that plan. The only evidence offered is a personal letter from Secretary Hay to Lord Aldenham (published some time ago) in which the writer says: "Our cabinet, like your own, is considerably divided in opinion upon the question of practical bimetallism. Neither the President nor a majority of my colleagues have in the least changed or modified the views which they held last year in regard to the great desirability of an international agreement on the subject." He added that the Government of the United States was "open to consider the question of the ratio," and that he had no doubt that France was equally so, but that the present Government of the United States would not initiate new negotiations. This letter was evidently intended to shelve the question, but it appears to have conveyed to the minds of Lord Aldenham and his colleagues the notion that, if England herself would initiate new negotiations, the United States would assent to a ratio of 22 to 1. The magic of this ratio is that it would make the metallic value of the rupee equal to 1s. 4d., or the price which the Government of India seeks to maintain for it. Hence these tears of joy.

The pamphlet of the Gold-Standard Defence Association then considers the attitude of the Democratic party of the United States on the subject, holding that this country is the most important factor of the bimetallic movement, if there is still such a movement. It presents evidence on the one side showing that silver as a political issue among us is dead, and on the other that it is still alive. It leans, however, to the opinion that, if not dead, silver has ceased to be the dominant issue, and hence that the English bimetallists are deluded if they expect help from the United States in the near future.

This is a safe conclusion, and it may be added that if the English bimetallists are "banking" on the conception that Mr. Bryan and his supporters will join them in favoring the ratio of 22 to 1, they are vastly mistaken. They do not understand the force of catchwords in American politics. The words 16 to 1 have grown up with the present generation of silverites. Very few, indeed, know what they mean, or what any ratio means. Hence their suspicions will be aroused by any attempt to substitute new words in place of them. To introduce such a change it would be necessary to explain to the masses, first, what is meant by 16 to 1, and then what is the significance of the change, and why it is deemed advisable. No large proportion of them could ever be brought to a clear understanding of the reason; but if it could be made plain to them that the "dollar of the fathers" was to be sacrificed in order to meet the views of the Hindoos, a howl of derision would be heard from one end of the land to the

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other. Not even Bryan could hold his party together on such a platform.

The truth is, that the life has entirely gone out of silver as a political issue in this country. All the talk that is now heard of it is a formality. It is uttered for the sake of appearances and to keep up a pretence of consistency. This is especially true of Bryan's talk. He prates about silver in order to keep himself in evidence as a candidate for the nomination, but there is no heart in what he says. The Democratic *hoi polloi* are for Bryan, not because he is for silver, but because he was their standard-bearer in 1896, their hero and martyr. Mr. Bryan himself does not put silver in the foremost place in his speeches and magazine articles, but he introduces just enough of it to keep the campaign of 1896, and himself as the central figure in it, before the people. He does not mean that the old platform shall be forgotten, but neither does he mean that the campaign of 1900 shall be fought on that issue. He knows that a repetition of the campaign of 1896 would be another defeat for him, because the silver issue is not the one which people are now thinking and talking about. What the chief issue may be is not yet certain. It may be Imperialism, it may be Trusts, it may be McKinley's surrender to the spoilsmen, but it cannot be silver, for the reason that fresh interest cannot be pumped into it.

As regards international bimetallism, neither Bryan nor his party ever took any interest in it, or cared anything about it. They never contributed any votes or influence to the promotion of it. They have always looked at it askance. They have considered it a manœuvre of the Republicans when hard pressed, a trick adopted to gain time and stave off a decision. For this reason, in their platform of 1896, they cut themselves loose from all such devices, and demanded free and unlimited coinage of silver "without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation." If English bimetallists are looking to the Bryanites for aid and comfort in the future, they are relying on a party which never had any sympathy with them in the past, and would consider the ratio of 22 to 1 as a laughing-stock if not an impiety.

The pamphlet of the Gold-Standard Defence Association gives a résumé of the bimetallic movement on the continent of Europe since the collapse of the Wolcott Commission. The silver propaganda existed in only three countries, France, Germany, and Belgium. No new steps have been taken, and only one meeting has been held since the failure of the Wolcott negotiation. On the 13th of December, 1897, the German Bimetallic League held a meeting and passed a resolution saying that while the opposition of the English bankers might delay bimetallism, it could not be permanently prevented. In France M. Méline made a speech of no particular importance, and since then the question has been allowed to slumber.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE TRANSVAAL.

The breaking off of the negotiations between Sir Alfred Milner and President Krüger, with the admission that they were fruitless and will not be resumed, is taken in England as a very serious event. Such it undoubtedly is, though the hot-heads who are jumping to the conclusion that it means war are likely to be disappointed. Lord Salisbury has found a way out of more than one seemingly hopeless diplomatic *impasse*, and it will be strange indeed if he does not devise some means of peaceable adjustment of the Transvaal difficulty. Yet the British Government is bound to do something. Mr. Chamberlain has gone too far to retreat. He has taken the position that the situation of thousands of British subjects resident in the Transvaal is intolerable, and if renewed diplomatic pressure does not induce the Boer authorities to make it tolerable, force will be resorted to in the end. There can be no doubt about that.

As to the points at issue between the two countries, a fair outside judgment would be that the Boers are technically right on all, but morally wrong on all. In strict legality, and by the hard-and-fast terms of the London Convention and international law, we do not see that Mr. Chamberlain has any case. He is estopped, in the first place, from asserting any right to interfere with the internal government of the Transvaal. Whatever verbal disputes may be raised over the precise terms of the London Convention of 1884, the broad fact remains that Lord Derby, in an official English interpretation of that convention, explicitly declared that under it the Boer Government would be "left free to govern the country without interference." The only reservation was that any treaty negotiated by the Transvaal with a foreign state "shall not have effect without the approval of the Queen."

But Mr. Chamberlain argues, or at any rate his friends argue, that England, by the very fact of enjoying a suzerainty over the Transvaal, has the legal right to demand, on behalf of British residents, a redress of grievances. This is an unsound argument. It is like a farmer insisting that because a neighbor has no right to cut a road through his land without his consent, therefore he is entitled to compel his neighbor to repair a barn or drain a pond. On the bare terms of the convention, England is not in a position to exact anything relating to the internal government of the Transvaal as a matter of pure legal right. Because a man owes you $10, you cannot reason, from the general ground of your being his creditor, that he is bound to pay you $20, or whatever you please to demand. Krüger is as strenuous as Shylock in pointing to the letter of his bond and the law, and is legally in an even more impregnable position, since there is no likelihood of any Portia arriving on the scene.

On one point—the dynamite monopoly—Mr. Chamberlain has openly maintained in the House of Commons that the Boer Government has been guilty of a breach of the London Convention. He bases this contention upon the clause guaranteeing that there shall be no interference with the commerce of British subjects in the Transvaal. But the point is strained. The dynamite monopoly does not discriminate against the British as such. In effect it hurts them, but it is not a measure specifically directed against them as Englishmen. A heavy tax on beer, or on the mineral water which the unlucky dwellers in Johannesburg are compelled to drink to escape being poisoned, would bear hard on the English, yet it could not be held to be a breach of the Convention. In fact, though Mr. Chamberlain asserted that the law officers of the crown sustained him in his contention, the weight of legal opinion is decidedly against it. Krüger has not been asleep. He has solicited the opinion of eight distinguished international lawyers—one of them Prof. Westlake of Cambridge—and all are unanimous in holding that he is quite within his legal rights, so far as the dynamite monopoly is concerned. So he is, undoubtedly, in the other burning question of the naturalization laws of the Transvaal Republic. These are outrageous and oppressive, yet the legal competence of the Boer Government to enact them cannot be questioned.

Yet with narrow legal right on his side, as respects every point in dispute, President Krüger and his Government are taking a position which cannot be morally maintained. As Mr. Balfour said last week, the Boers are denying "the elementary rights of civilization." The grievances of the foreign residents of the Transvaal are great. They have a large part of the property, and pay much more than half the taxes, of the country, and yet are left almost absolutely without representation in the Government. Full citizenship can now be acquired, we believe, only after a residence of fourteen years, and even then under onerous and humiliating conditions. The inhabitants of Johannesburg are not even allowed a voice in municipal affairs. The city is wretchedly governed, is, in fact, a "death-trap"; yet the dwellers in it have no way of exerting political power to bring about a sanitary reform and remove a constant peril to life. To all appeals and remonstrances, the stolid Boers return a Papal *non-possumus*, or a Tweedian "What are you going to do about it?" and go on taxing and vexing and poisoning their Outland-

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er victims, and forbidding them the right even to educate their children as they would. Now this, all must agree, is a situation to which an end should be put in some way. By urging upon Krüger and upon the world, as it is evident from Mr. Balfour's speech that the English Government means to do, the duty of having some regard to natural human rights, as against technical legal power, it will be in a position to secure general sympathy and support if, later, it has to extort by force what should have been yielded to reason and the larger justice.

HEINRICH KIEPERT.

Last year, when Heinrich Kiepert celebrated his eightieth birthday, his friends and former pupils, as well as geographers who had come under his wide-reaching influence, presented him, in characteristic German fashion, with a stately volume, a *Festschrift*, to which each had contributed an article on some subject near to the heart of the aged and beloved scholar. But even then Kiepert had so far succumbed to the maladies arising from extreme old age that he could take but little part in the festivities held in his honor, and now he has passed away, having failed to round out his eighty-one years.

Kiepert was a born worker, and in consequence the range of his knowledge became marvellously wide. His devotion to truth was absolute, and he was fired by an unflagging enthusiasm for his science which nothing but death could quench. Now that death has claimed him, his passing leaves a peculiar gap in the ranks of the devotees of the science of geography, which at present none may fill — certainly not as the master filled his post. He was a thoroughly rounded geographer; there was absolutely no corner of the globe, however remote, about which he could not give every detail known to science up to date. In so far, he will have successors. But Kiepert was more: he was an archæological geographer, if the term be allowed, and as such he stood alone and unapproachable. As archæological geographer, Asia Minor was his hobby, his pet, his peculiar delight, upon which he expended much time in a variety of ways. He made journeys in Asia Minor at four different periods of his life, the last falling in his seventieth year (1888). The simple statement that he had collected every scrap of knowledge that bears upon Asia Minor, however sweeping it may seem, has a much wider implication than most readers will imagine. Of course Kiepert had at his fingers' and his pencil's ends Greek and Roman literature relating to Asia Minor; of course he was thoroughly at home in the mighty 'Acta Sanctorum,' the 'Acta Conciliorum,' the mass of Greek and Latin inscriptions which are profitable for geography, not to mention such minor things as the Byzantine lists, Hierocles, the Itineraries, and all that modern travellers of European nationalities have had to say upon the subject. But after he had learned all that down to the bottom, and had drained from all these sources every fragment of knowledge in a measure unattained before by any man, he found that he needed much more of which he knew nothing as yet, much that was sealed to him. He determined to unseal the sealed. This involved the learning of modern Greek, Turkish, and Arabic, in order to find out what the writings in those languages might have to tell him in regard to the geography of his beloved Asia Minor, and to this task he set himself, and set himself successfully. By this means he became possessed of a kind of knowledge unattainable by the average geographer. For instance, he knew what the Turkish archives, Turkish lists, and Turkish so-called maps could tell him. This knowledge he used not only in his cartographic work, but also to control the vagaries of ignorant but well-meaning travellers. The present writer's road-notes on Asiatic topography have a host of marginal annotations by Kiepert, whose accurate information made him able to say (to choose two out of many instances): "No, this is incorrect; you have wrongly heard *Allah* when the word spoken was *Ala*," or, "The Turkish lists do not bear you out."

His knowledge was not held as a hidden treasure; he had much, and he gave freely. He had gained it, however, in order to add to it, and though he gave freely, he was but sowing the seed, and he expected some return in kind for every geographical gift. No one ambitious of exploring remote and unfamiliar corners ever applied to him for an up-to-date map of the region without getting one that included every known detail; for at once the untiring worker betook himself to that mighty table in the big room in the Lindenstrasse, and in due time the traveller had his trusty guide. But much of this sort of work brought no return to Kiepert, for selfish, thoughtless, or lazy men failed to make those additions to knowledge which the master had finally hoped for—failed often to make any report to him; and the otherwise so genial man was full of bitterness in speaking of such cases. But when some return, however imperfect, was made to him, then every single word was weighed with the greatest care, and every single compass-bearing was made to do its part in shaping the mighty map upon the mighty table. He shirked no toil in utilizing for science the returns thus made, and when one traveller entered the aforementioned big room, he was greeted with the words: 'Ach, mein lieber, theuerer Herr, Ihr Journal hat mir so ziemlich ein Vierteljährchen meines Lebens gekostet." As they stand in print, these words might be regarded as reproachful; but as they came from his mouth they conveyed to the mind of the hearer the greatest compliment, and in hot haste the good wife was summoned to come and help welcome the man who had robbed him of three months of his life. And warmly affectionate the welcome was.

What Kiepert has done for Asia Minor cannot be measured; he has done everything, and much that goes under the name of other men is in the end Kiepert's. When he began to study the country, its geography was where Ritter had left it; with the exception of the seaboard, which might be reached by European ships, it was practically an unknown land, whereas now there are few regions that have not been explored and mapped, and this state of affairs is due in greatest measure to Kiepert, either directly or indirectly. As a member of the Central-Direction of the Imperial German Archæological Institute, he has been the immediate and inspiring cause of many of the recent explorations, just as he was the indirect cause of much that was done in the preceding decades.

The purpose of this note is to emphasize one phase of his manifold nature; to praise him is really impertinence. An outline of his life and a list of his works may be found in any encyclopædia.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

PARIS, June 1, 1899.

The death of Francisque Sarcey, the theatrical critic of the *Temps*, has been quite an event, and has for a few days distracted the public mind from the too famous and engrossing *affaire Dreyfus*. Parisians have always been passionately fond of the theatre, and this taste is universal; you will find it in all classes of society. It is even more strongly marked in the people and in the small bourgeoisie than among the wealthy classes and the aristocracy. With the small bourgeoisie the theatre replaces all the amusements of society. Our shopkeepers, after having worked all day, delight in going with their wives to some restaurant, and, after a good dinner, hearing a good play. Without having had any classical education, they acquire a sort of taste, not of the highest sort, to be sure, but still sufficiently accurate and refined. They have their favorites, their likes and dislikes; they are, as a rule, very indulgent, and never show their discontent by hissing, notwithstanding the old rule of Boileau:

"C'est un droit qu'à la porte on achète en entrant."

Francisque Sarcey may be said to have been the idol of this numerous theatrical public, chiefly composed of the French bourgeoisie. He had himself received a very high culture, having been a distinguished pupil of our Normal School; but he was essentially what we call a bourgeois, a word of difficult definition, which connotes some of the best attributes of the French mind—common sense, poise, judgment—as well as some defects, such as a certain want of imagination, of exaltation, of enthusiasm. The intellectual ideal of the bourgeois of the Francisque Sarcey type is a combination of Epicurean wisdom, of the gayety of Rabelais, of the moral sanity of Molière, of the clever and witty rationalism of Voltaire. Francisque Sarcey received at the Normal School the solid education which forms our best Latinists; but the Normal School forms very few Hellenists—the idealism of Greece is wanting in its pupils. They are all more or less Romans, and their literary productions, full of substance and of logic, are lacking in grace and imagination. It would be difficult to find more finished types of the state of mind and intellect which I am attempting to describe than Francisque Sarcey and Edmond About. These men were together at the Normal School and became very intimate friends. Sarcey was eminently a "Classic" (such was the name given to those who stood by the ancients, by Boileau, Racine, Corneille, Molière, the great writers of the *grand siècle*). The French University was the stronghold of the Classics, the fortress which had to be defended against the Romantics. The war between the Classics and the Romantics, which was very bitter at one time, ended finally in a treaty of peace; even the most ardent Classics could not fail to recognize the genius of Lamartine, of Victor Hugo, and of Musset.

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The French Theatre, which is a state institution, governed by the famous decree signed by Napoleon at Moscow, is naturally devoted to the Classics, and their plays form the "repertory." It was impossible that modern plays should not from time to time be played at the French Theatre, especially as, after 1830, there came a succession of dramatists who formed a very remarkable phalanx. Sarcey did not oppose, on the contrary, he gave great encouragement to, the modern school of dramatists; but he insisted all his life long on the necessity of continuing to play the "repertory." He maintained that Racine, Corneille, and Molière should always be played for the débuts of new actors and new actresses at the French Theatre, and that they should never be allowed to appear in modern parts before having shown themselves at home in the great plays of our best classic authors. This was, in his eyes, a necessary discipline. He had, of course, some difficulty in defending his ground against the new artists, who find it so much easier to play modern and amusing parts than to give their full value to the beauties of a literature which is not exactly the representation of modern life and the echo of modern sentiments. It is, however, to the credit of Sarcey that he succeeded in imposing on the French Theatre a discipline which has greatly contributed to make it the model theatre of our time.

He was not so fortunate in other points. He made a perpetual crusade against the exaggeration of the importance given in the modern theatre to what we call the *mise en scène*—that is to say, the scenery and all its accessories. He maintained that this excessive devotion to purely material details was not favorable to real art; that the interest of a drama or of a comedy was to be found in the dialogue, in the development of a situation and of characters, and that the attention of the spectator was not to be absorbed by a show of furniture, of costumes, of palaces, of fine rooms. In the Middle Ages, in the great mysteries which were played before the people, the scenery was of the simplest. There were great boards behind the actors, on which were written in big letters: "This is Jerusalem," or, "This is Constantinople." The tragedies of Corneille and Racine did not require much scenery; fidelity to the old rules of Aristotle's three unities implied unity of place during the five acts of a tragedy. The actors played all their parts in the costume of their own time. We can now hardly imagine *Phèdre* or *Iphigénie* in powder, with silk gowns and hoop-petticoats; or *Augustus* and *Nero* in the dress of the courtiers who came to applaud them; but there is very little doubt that the spectators of the seventeenth century felt as keenly the beauties of the tragedies of Racine and Corneille as we ourselves do. The antique world which is shown to us is, after all, also a conventional world; the Greeks of the time of Pericles, the Romans of the time of Augustus, would probably not recognize themselves at our French Theatre, careful as we may be of our scenery.

One of the reproaches which Sarcey directed against the exaggerated care we now take of the scenery, is the long time required for the arrangement of the stage between the different acts—an interval so long that modern representations become a real fatigue in Paris, lasting as a rule as late as midnight, so that the worn-out spectators cannot be in their beds before half-past twelve or one o'clock.

The best part of Sarcey's life was spent at the time of the great triumphs of Augier, of Meilhac, of Sardou, of Alexandre Dumas the younger, of Pailleron. He had the pleasure of witnessing and of fostering the triumph of a dramatic school which realized his conception of art: the study of life, the observation of the play of human passions, presented to the public by classical methods. By this I mean that the development of the plays of these dramatists is methodical, that there is a certain unity in them, that all the incidents converge towards a definite object. The analyses which Sarcey made of the dramas of these authors are marvellous when you consider that they were always written the day after their first representation; their clearness, their lucidity, their criticism cannot be sufficiently praised. They were always written *con amore* even when the critic felt the necessity of being severe. He was often severe towards Sardou. Though he admired the infinite cleverness of this extraordinary *metteur en scène* and the ease with which he found his way out of the most complicated plots, he could never quite forgive his excessive preoccupation with the scenery, the dress of his personages—the picturesque part of the drama—which, in his opinion, became too great a distraction for the public and absorbed too much of the attention of the author himself.

Sarcey had a great partiality for Meilhac, and always took pains to find even in his farces some elements of high comedy. Meilhac was essentially a Parisian; his work may be compared to a glass of champagne—there will soon be little left of it, but it gave much pleasure to the generations who understood all its allusions and criticisms. How long will the works of these writers be played? I remember a feuilleton of Sarcey's in which he prophesied that two plays only were sure to remain in the "repertory," to take rank among the classics, the "Gendre de Monsieur Poirier" and the "Demi-Monde," because they both struck a new chord and dealt with passions which are permanent in the human heart.

Sarcey was much surprised and perplexed when he had to give an opinion on the production of a new theatrical school which affected to ignore or to despise all the rules of the past. The "Théâtre Libre" was founded by an actor of great talent, named Antoine. It did not pretend to anything except to give the public what the disciples of the new method (or rather want of method) called *des tranches de vie*, slices of life. No real drama, no real plot, no complications, no intrigue, nothing but dramatic photographs, something in the style of a living cinématograph, in which people not only move but talk. It is undeniable that this "Free Theatre" has had its utility; it accustomed the public to realism on the stage; it broke through many conventions; it was no longer necessary for the drama to end with a marriage or a death. The devotees of the new school set forth the incidents of life and its situations, but many such situations have no issue. Sarcey was very conscientious. He was horrified by some of the productions of the Théâtre Libre, which, in its worst development, became the "Théâtre Rosse" (a word I find hard to translate). He was indignant with its coarseness, its indecency, its impudent contempt of all propriety. He nevertheless took the trouble to follow, night after night, the representations of the new school, and, when there was a pearl on the dunghill, he was honest enough to pick it out.

It would be interesting to show the influence which the Théâtre Libre has had on the new dramatists, such as Donnay, Hervieu, and the rest—Sarcey did not attempt to deny it. The present school of our best dramatists is decidedly purely realistic; it is also pessimistic, and deals by preference with social subjects. It does not adopt the old motto, "Castigat ridendo mores"; it is marked by a certain sadness, even in its gayety. Sarcey encouraged its efforts, though he was himself of a robust, healthy, and cheerful disposition. He will not be replaced, in my opinion, for many years to come, as a theatrical critic. He thought he had a mission, and he fulfilled it with an earnestness and a zeal beyond praise.

THIS YEAR'S SALONS.

PARIS, May 1, 1899.

It is impossible to come away from the latest Salons without feeling just a trifle depressed and discouraged. One thinks of the immense activity during the last hundred years, one remembers the endless movements and schools and revolutions that have come and gone since the National Assembly of 1791 made an end for evermore to the old tyranny of the Academy; and then, in the face of this spring's exhibitions, one cannot help asking to what purpose has been all this agitation, all this energy, all this striving, all this struggling. A few thousand artists may exhibit in the place of the few hundred of a century ago, but the greatness of art depends not in the least upon numbers. Indeed, it is one of the most melancholy features of this huge collection that such acres of canvas and paper, such a wilderness of plaster and marble and bronze, should yield such an absurdly small crop of good, or interesting, or even irritatingly bad work. Now that the two Salons, as last year, are sheltered under the single vast roof of the Palais des Machines, one is more than ever impressed by the mere size of these two annual shows, by the army of men and women who have chosen art as their profession. But more amazing still is the fact that, as one makes one's way through the labyrinth of galleries, there should be so little to arrest or hold the attention. There is much that is workmanlike and able, most of the exhibitors prove in their performance the excellence of their training. In any other profession, in any business or trade, the same amount of ability and knowledge would be of inestimable advantage and lead surely to success. But the artist stands in need of higher qualities, of more original virtues—qualities and virtues not to be manufactured even in the studios that turn out competent workmen by the dozen. We are disappointed only because we expected too much, and the present Salons are really nothing more than useful reminders of the century's folly of expectation.

Of course, the exhibition of the Société des Beaux-Arts (or the Champ-de-Mars Salon) is by far the stronger and pleasanter of the two. In the first place, it is smaller and therefore not so wearisome. The hanging and arrangement are much more to be commended. As a rule, there is but a single line of pictures—never, except in the case of very

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tiny canvases, more than two: and the pictures that are thus more easily seen are distinctly better worth seeing. I can imagine that any one who visited the Salon for the first time would be positively amazed at the high level of accomplishment attained; but to all those familiar with the artists and their work there are signs, if not of exhaustion, certainly of fatigue. Naturally, the loss of Puvis de Chavannes is very seriously felt. His large decorative panels may not always have been of equal merit, but they were never entirely without charm, distinction, and, above all, the repose that could not but prove a relief in the midst of the sensations of the year. And his absence is the more keenly realized because in their place now hangs only the little portrait, simple, sombre, reticent, that he painted of his wife when she was still the Princesse Cantacuzène, while the large decorative work by other artists seems to violate every canon of his artistic creed. It comes as something of a shock to find Dubufe consecrating to his memory a canvas of gigantic scale, on which the dead master sits, with appropriate sadness, among nondescript symbolical figures in emerald-green draperies and violet wings, color and design both as completely out of sympathy with his aims and methods as well could be. Nor do I see much hope of his mantle as decorator falling upon the shoulders of those who evince most desire to wear it—upon either Anquetin or Boutet de Monvel, for example. There is astonishing vigor and force in a big allegorical "Battle" by Anquetin, a mass of men and horses with impossible arching manes, wrestling and grappling together in deadly combat, but so violent, so confused, you can but regret the misdirected energy of a painter of whose power there can be no question. I see that a French critic makes much of the fact that the work was done in some forty days, but the merit of a picture has absolutely nothing to do with the time and labor bestowed upon it. As for Boutet de Monvel, he has apparently taken one of the small colored illustrations from his 'Jeanne d'Arc,' enlarged it, and given precisely the same composition in colossal proportions, but worked out with the minuteness and elaboration of the old illuminator. Brilliant reds and yellows and purples that were amusing on the printed page of a small book become offensive and glaring when made to cover vast spaces. The decoration is for the church at Domremy, which is so dark, I am told (I have never been there), that exaggerated brilliancy is absolutely necessary, if the decoration is to produce its effect. This may be so, though I doubt it, and, in any case, I think it a mistake to show the design in the uncompromising light of a well-illuminated gallery. I also think it a pity that a ceiling by Besnard should be hung up on the wall like a picture, where you can tell nothing about it. Dark foliage and rose-colored draperies set against the deep blue of a starlit sky suggest an agreeable harmony, but I should not venture to answer for it until I saw the ceiling in place, nor do I feel that I can appreciate the panels he exhibits with it in their present surroundings.

These are some of the most striking works, principally, if I except the Besnards, because of their size. To turn to smaller canvases is to find men like Carrière, Aman-Jean, Lhermitte, Picard, Raffaëlli, Gandara, and Blanche repeating more or less the same subjects or same designs or same effects we have had from them in the past: M. Carrière becoming more vague, more mystical, more tragic than ever, though his theme may be one in itself so joyous as the morning greeting between mother and children; M. Aman-Jean's refinement, for the moment threatening to dwindle into feebleness. Then M. Simon, once so promising, grows more photographic in his portrait groups with every year; M. Cottet, once so original, is degenerating into a mere slave of his mannerisms. With regret, one discovers that Mr. Whistler sends nothing; nor is there anything by Mr. Sargent or Mr. Dannat. Mr. McLure Hamilton has but two little portraits—characteristic and accomplished—in the place of the group of several he exhibited last spring. And Mr. Alexander's ingenuity seems to be failing him, for his favorite model appears upon but one canvas, there twisted in a new and graceful curve over a violoncello. Even the sensationalists have come to an end of their resources. M. Jean Béraud's hitherto fertile invention has carried him no further than a theatre rehearsal, and this year, at any rate, he must retire before M. Jean Veber, whose rather loathsome fight between two naked women, with hideous old hags for onlookers, fascinates the crowd; and also before M. De Groux, M. Louis Legrand, and M. Piot, who, each in his way, makes a bid for notoriety by madness of method, a perfect saturnalia of paint. The religious picture, too, is disappearing. M. Dagnan-Bouveret, recently the most enthusiastic exponent of the Scriptures, now confines himself to a portrait, and it is chiefly M. Carolus-Duran who keeps up the tradition by a Crucifixion, melodramatic, bituminous, ineffective. Really the best and most genuine work comes from the landscape painters—from M. Cazin and his follower, M. Billotte, from Ménard, Griveau, Mouillé, and several others, more or less strong, whose canvases reveal a curious romantic tendency. The reign of Realism, of Naturalism, of *Plein-airisme*, of Impressionism, is clearly at an end—that is, for the present generation.

In the section of drawings and prints, I am conscious of the same fatigue, the same exhaustion. I looked in vain for the old gayety of experiment, the old triumphant solution of new problems. Men like M. Helleu, M. Florian, M. Renouard are not represented. Fine woodcuts and wood-engravings, some printed in color, are still sent by M. Lepère, color etchings by M. Raffaëlli, color lithographs by M. Gottlob and M. Heidbrinck, remarkably clever etchings by M. Louis Legrand; but the greater number of exhibitors are content to copy or imitate men already acknowledged as masters. Perhaps it should be noted that many artists are beginning to show the sketches and studies for their pictures, a capital plan, helping one, as it does, to understand their aims and intentions. But interest centres chiefly about a roomful of drawings by M. Cazin, as refined and individual as his paintings, wonderful little studies of towns—a street or a *place* charmingly suggested—or else of the quiet, uneventful sketches of field or open country, where he so often seeks his inspiration, or of women and children; studies these that make one wish he had not devoted himself so exclusively to landscape. The drawings are mostly in chalk or pencil on white paper, sometimes on gray paper, when they borrow something of the tranquil, tender color of his twilights and his moonlit nights.

There is never very much sculpture in the Champ-de-Mars Salon, but what there is, usually, is good. This year the greatest success is scored by Mr. Saint-Gaudens with his "General Sherman." In its quiet dignity, it impresses one, the moment one's eyes fall upon it, after passing, as one must to reach it, all the flamboyant, restless, contorted, posing statues of the other or Champs-Élysées Salon. There is so much character, so much authority, in the gaunt, spare figure, erect and alert in the saddle. The cloak, flying back in the wind, gives just the right suggestion of movement, though I understand that Mr. Saint-Gaudens means to modify it slightly, thinking that, as it is, it detracts somewhat from the fine sobriety and reticence of the whole composition. It is interesting to find another American, one hitherto known only as a painter, making his appearance as a sculptor: Mr. McLure Hamilton, whose bust of his mother is so able, so expressive in its simple severity, one might think it the work of the master sculptor, rather than the apprentice. M. Rodin, probably to his own great satisfaction, has not created the excitement of a year ago. The now famous "Balzac" is succeeded by a life-size "Eve" in bronze—an Eve after the fall, sad and ashamed, her arms crossed over her breast, her head bent low. It is beautifully conceived, full of emotion, subtle and strong in the modelling, but it seems to me that M. Rodin never succeeds quite perfectly in his larger designs. I like better the small, spirited bust of M. Falguière which he is also showing.

One wonders if the exhibition of this bust is not M. Rodin's way of explaining to the public that he does not in the least resent the fact that the commission for the Balzac monument has been handed over to M. Falguière. The new Balzac is, for me at all events, what the French would call the *clou* of the Champs-Élysées Salon. M. Rodin's Balzac was so indisputable a failure, and yet, at the same time, so fascinating, so exasperating because it came so near being the work of genius he meant it to be, that it is inevitable curiosity should mingle with one's desire to see the attempt of the man who has had the temerity to come after him, and so challenge comparison. M. Falguière, evidently, has been overwhelmed by the delicacy of his position, and, as if convinced that imitation is really the sincerest form of flattery, has made his Balzac as much like M. Rodin's as a sculptor of so opposite a temperament could. The new Balzac sits, where last year he stood, his hands no longer concealed, but crossed comfortably and inelegantly over his knees; he wears the same indefinite garment, partly dressing-gown, partly great coat; he is quite as shapeless and still heavier; and if there is less of melodrama in his pose, there is more of clumsiness. M. Falguière is commonplace, colorless, while M. Rodin's fault was an excessive individuality or daring of treatment. The latter tried to express too much—the whole history of romance, so his admirers insisted, instead of the character of one man. M. Falguière has tried to express too little, and has let the great genius go masquerading modestly as an amiable bourgeois taking his ease by his own fireside. If he but succeeded, M. Falguière is reported to have said, "Cela en fera deux de beaux." But he has not succeeded, and the result is two failures, not two masterpieces. M. Frémiet,

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too, I think, has lost a fine opportunity. To him has been intrusted the statue of De Lesseps to be set up at the entrance of the Suez Canal, and he has imagined nothing nobler and more dignified than a man—no doubt the portrait is irreproachable—in a dress-suit, one hand holding the map of the canal, the other outstretched in the most conventional and theatrical of gestures.

If, for the rest of this exhibition, though the larger of the two, I have left myself but little space, I have done so intentionally. There is little to be said that has not been said before many times. Again one is confronted with the enormous canvases, the big *machines*, meant to capture by sheer force the attention they could not claim by merit alone. M. Jean-Paul Laurens is always an exception. His large historical compositions are designed for a definite purpose. This year he shows a ceiling for a public building in Toulouse, scholarly, but, with its persistent reds, less restrained and sober in color than usual. Of the others, even M. Tattegrain, who once knew how to put a picture together, is beginning to sacrifice everything to the gruesomeness of his details, so that, in his "Saint-Quentin pris d'assaut," the eye wanders aimlessly from group to group, from figure to figure, as in a "yellow" journalist's picturesque report, never by chance taking in the effect of the dramatic scene as a whole; and, unfortunately for the painter, a picture of this kind is forgotten as promptly as the printed report. The work that tells, in the only fashion an artist should care to have it tell, is found rather in the melancholy gray landscapes of M. Pointelin, who may keep on for ever painting the wide, desolate moorland, the long barren hills he loves, but who does it with such feeling for the poetry of light and air that they have all the variety of Nature herself; in the stately, formal compositions of M. Harpignies; in the little idylls of M. Fantin-Latour. These are, as they have been so often before, the few good things that reconcile one to such a waste of paint. I thought, too, that the work of a few American exhibitors—a delightful little Dutch baby by Mr. MacEwen, the well-drawn cattle by Mr. Bisbing, the low-toned pastorals by Mr. Truesdell—were, in their refinement, pleasant contrasts to the typical Salon picture. The seas of Mr. Boggs and the tulips of Mr. Hitchcock also stand out with something like distinction.

The prints and drawings here have always been dull and unimportant compared to the series at the Champ-de-Mars, and now, with M. Fantin-Latour and M. Willette both absent, they are more forlorn than ever; an occasional innovation in the shape of an experiment in color, a single lithograph by M. Dillon, two or three worth noting by M. Huvey, and M. Leleu, and the wood-engravings by Mr. Wolf are not quite enough to compensate one for wading through such a large collection of indifferent interest.

Perhaps I ought to add that in both Salons more and more attention is being paid to the purely decorative arts, and that in the New Salon a prominent and distinguished place is given to Mr. Tiffany's glass, which is also, by the way, being shown just now in London. N. N.

Correspondence.

TEMPERANCE AND EXPANSION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The United States having emerged from the smoke of the Spanish war, with Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines more or less attached to her, it is pertinent to ask what effect these new and (to the United States) strange relations will have on the temperance question.

Our inquiry need not take us far afield. Expansion means forcible subjection of the countries over which our self-appointed authority extends; forcible subjection means the maintenance of a large army, and, notwithstanding the plain prohibition of Congress, the beer canteen, according to the opinion of the Attorney-General (an opinion fearfully and wonderfully made), is allowed to attach itself like a leech to our army under a pretext of the shallowest and emptiest sort. It is not necessary to picture here the evils that follow in its wake. The mere fact that the best and most experienced officers of the army, such men as Gen. Miles, Gen. Shafter, and Gen. Brooke, are stoutly opposed to the canteen, is sufficient to condemn it in the eyes of the average layman. Yet this curse bids fair to be a permanent adjunct to our army, and therefore to our new idol, expansion.

But there is another and quite as atrocious a way in which expansion is affecting temperance. One of the chief pretences with which we have apologized for the shooting down of the Filipinos in cold blood is that we intend to convert them from barbarism and to make them moral and upright. Nevertheless, during the American occupation of the Philippines, between three hundred and four hundred saloons have been established in Manila alone. It seems incredible that such a revolting condition can be possible, and yet so undeniable is the fact that our comic papers have begun to picture the bar-room and the free-lunch counter as the sort of American free institutions that we shall give the Filipinos.

The worst of the matter is, that there is no promise of improvement for the future. Our uniform treatment of the Indians in supplying them with "fire-water," contrary to treaty stipulations and to the instincts of morality and humanity, and the recent repeal of the prohibition law in Alaska, augur badly for the needed relief.

Henry Fredricks.

Philadelphia, June 10, 1899.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN RUSSIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. Kittredge has directed my attention to a postscript of William Smith's letter of the 15th of May, 1572, sent from Yaroslav in Russia to his brother James Wodcoke in Kent, contained in Thomas Wright's 'Queen Elizabeth and her Times,' vol. 1, p. 422. It runs as follows:

"Brate Yakobe possaldie pregottoui pro mina Jonnisko gottory Crosshinko ye mollodinko. protiuo ya preyeado doma I possalli Cholombite ut misna barbara Wode ye velly onna ys doute mina golli te take. Dispiesse pro mina brate boudes dessinaert.—Pro brat weyo, William Smithe."

In a footnote the editor says: "This postscript was no doubt intended to astonish all his friends in Kent." In this statement he is, however, mistaken, for the postscript was meant as a confidential note to his brother, as the translation of it will soon show us.

Ever after the discovery of Russia by the English in 1553, English merchants and their agents and military adventurers resided in Russia. Mention of this fact is made in Smith's letter, by which we are also informed that his brother had been there before: "This country of Unsland [mistake for Rusland] is greatly changed since you were here, and things goeth not so convenient with Englishmen as it hathe done." During their long sojourn in Russia, many Englishmen acquired a speaking knowledge of the Russian language, and to one of them we owe the earliest collection of Russian ballads in existence, made in 1613. To this matter I shall return at some future time. The passage given above is written in Russian. After making various allowances for misprints, incorrect readings of the editor, and superficial knowledge of the language of the writer himself, we get the following intelligible translation:

"Brother James: Please procure for me a wife, one that is pretty and young, against the time of my return home, and please make my obeisance to Barbara Wood, and tell her to wait for me. If you succeed in doing this for me, you will be unto death the brother—Of your brother,

"William Smithe."

This pretty sixteenth-century romance of which we get a glimpse through the Russian language is probably unique in English history. It would be interesting to know whether Smith ever was united to his lady-love.

Leo Wiener.

Cambridge, Mass., June 7, 1899.

THE OSCITANT PROOF-READER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Not many more amusing misprints are likely to be found than one in Saintsbury's 'Short History of English Literature' (1898, p. 262), where the well-known line of Sidney's first Sonnet is quoted:

"Fool! said my *nurse* to me, look in thy heart and write."

W. H. B.

Notes.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will shortly publish the only authorized edition of the early novels of Henry Seton Merriman, which have been revised, condensed, and in part rewritten. They have nearly ready the 'Autobiography of Mrs. Oliphant.'

Henry Holt & Co. announce 'The Hooligan Nights,' reminiscences of Alf. Hooligan, thief and counterfeiter, edited by Clarence Rook, a London journalist.

D. Appleton & Co., The Century Co., and the Doubleday & McClure Co. are to publish in conjunction the fifteen-volume edition of Kipling's works, which is to be marketed by the Book Department of the H. B. Claflin Co.—altogether a very unusual enterprise.

The Macmillan Co. have in hand the authorized translation of Clara Tschudi's 'Life of Eugénie, Empress of the French,' and the 'Reminiscences' of Clement Scott, the veteran dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, are issuing 'The Yellow Wall Paper,' an early

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magazine story of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson; and 'On the Birds' Highway,' by Reginald Heber Howe, jr.—coast bird-studies from Maine to Maryland, with some 60 illustrations.

'The Martial Graves of Our Fallen Heroes in Santiago de Cuba,' by Dr. Henry C. McCook, will shortly be issued by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, with photographs, charts, and maps.

William Ellis Jones, No. 5 South Twelfth Street, Richmond, Va., invites subscriptions to the 'Word-Book of Virginia Folk-Speech,' by Dr. B. W. Green of Warwick. Only 300 copies will be printed.

A new work on 'Embroidery,' by Lewis F. Day and Miss Mary Buckle, will be brought out in London by B. T. Botsford, and in New York by the Messrs. Scribner.

The latest volume in the new edition of the writings of the late John Addington Symonds is the fourth appearance of his 'Introduction to the Study of Dante' (London: Black; New York: Macmillan).

Mr. Brett's 'Cumulative Index to a Selected List of Periodicals' for 1898 (Cleveland: The Helman-Taylor Co.) forms the third annual volume of this important key to "authors, subjects, titles, reviews, portraits"—the last item not the least. We need only add that the periodicals here indexed number one hundred, and that especial pains have been taken to make the year's necrology complete.

Mr. John Coleman Adams's 'Nature Studies in Berkshire [Mass.]' (Putnams) will not secure him the literary rank of Burroughs, Bradford Torrey, or Thoreau, and his text pales in quality beside the photogravure illustration of Mr. Arthur Scott, his colaborer in the making of a handsome volume. These views are all charming and characteristic, and unusually successful in catching cloud effects.

Mr. R. P. Porter confesses to the haste with which his 'Industrial Cuba' (Putnams) has been compiled. Yet as a record of information, as distinct from the author's opinions (some of which seem to have been even more hastily put together than his facts), the book is of considerable value. The existing Cuban tariff printed in full, the account of internal taxes and of the apportionment of public revenue, with the chapters on sanitation and transportation, furnish the best portion of Mr. Porter's statistical exhibit.

There is unaffected modesty in Burr McIntosh's title, 'The Little I Saw of Cuba' (F. Tennyson Neely), and the author, a newspaper correspondent, who left the island as a yellow-fever convalescent, makes no pretensions of any kind. His journalistic style is not commendable, but his observations with the Rough Riders are a respectable contribution to the material for that history of the Santiago campaign which has yet to be written. Mr. McIntosh leaves us in no doubt as to his likes and dislikes, and among the latter he, with a mind devoid of sectionalism, includes equally Gen. Shafter and Gen. Wheeler. His own photographic views give a better idea of the country than most we have met with, and much enhance the value of a narrative of some hardship and personal disappointment.

F. Anstey's 'Love among the Lions' (D. Appleton & Co.) is clearly by the author of 'The Tinted Venus,' is characteristically ingenious in concealing the plot, and is brief enough not to weary. If it adds nothing to the author's reputation for humorous extravaganza, it cannot fail to provoke a smile in the reader.

The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia, is ably carrying on the task of popularizing Judaism and keeping its best spirit alive. It has issued some books of high scientific value, such as the translation of Graetz, Schechter's 'Studies in Judaism,' and Dembitz's 'Jewish Services,' along with others of much lighter weight which need not be particularized. Their last publication, Abrahams's 'Jewish Literature' (275 pages, including an excellent double-columned index of twelve pages), takes medium rank. It is an introductory sketch of Jewish literature from the Mishna to Mendelssohn, and is brightly written, clear, and accurate. Of course, the treatment is of the slightest—within such limits none other were possible—but the arrangement is good; each of the twenty-five chapters has a pointed heading and closes with a little English bibliography guiding to further study. The references to Arabic thought and literature might be more exact, but that lies off the writer's track, and, besides, there are few English books in which such references even approach exactness. His little book fairly accomplishes its claim, and will take a useful place in the strange but just and healthy Jewish *renaissance* which is upon us.

Volume ix. of the Harvard Studies in Classical Philology (Boston: Ginn & Co.) is largely devoted to the memory of the two great and well-beloved teachers whom Harvard lost in the summer of 1897. The memoir of Prof. George M. Lane is written by his former pupil and literary executor, Prof. Morris H. Morgan, while that of Prof. Frederic D. Allen is the work of his colleague and friend, Prof. Greenough. The two memoirs, which are accompanied by excellent portraits, together with a number of posthumous papers, now furnished with revisory notes, make this volume of the Studies of particular interest to many classical students. The influence of Prof. W. M. Lindsay of Oxford, who was an instructor at Harvard in 1898, is shown in a series of seven studies in Plautus, mostly the work of his American pupils. Other articles are "Hidden Verses in Livy," by M. H. Morgan, and the "Nonius Glosses" of the late J. H. Onions, with note by Prof. Lindsay; while the last two-score pages of the volume are taken up with a careful and painstaking analysis of the "Versification of Latin Metrical Inscriptions except Saturnians and Dactylics"—the work of Prof. A. W. Hodgman of the Ohio State University.

Karl Dieterich's 'Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der griechischen Sprache von der hellenistischen Zeit bis zum 10. Jahrhundert nach Chr.' (Leipzig: Teubner) is a late addition to the constantly increasing list of German studies dealing with the history of the Greek language. This work has special reference to such inscriptions, papyri, and manuscripts as have come down to us from the period 300 B. C.-1,000 A. D., and deals especially with the κοινή or Greek of the Hellenistic period, and its relation to the dialects of to-day. The connection of ancient with modern Greek, a language long despised by philologians, has now been assured by the works of such scholars as Krumbacher, Hatzidakis, and Thumb, whom Dieterich follows; and future investigations into the Greek of any period can hardly be made without some reference to the modern *Gemeinsprache* and dialects. The importance of modern Greek as a development of the ancient, and the fact that it is able to throw light on many difficulties of ancient Greek investigation, explains the extraordinary activities of German scholars in this direction during the last decade.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis is about to print in his *Land of Sunshine* (Los Angeles, Cal.) an accurate translation of the Viceroy Revilla Gigedo's report on California, the clearest and closest summary of Pacific Coast affairs and explorations from San Blas to Nutka, 1767-1793, that we possess. It has not been printed heretofore in English. It will run for about four months in the magazine.

A map of the theatre of military operations in Luzon, on a scale of nearly three miles to the inch, prepared under the direction of the Military Information Division, is the special feature of the *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington) for June. Com. H. Webster, U. S. N., contributes a readable account of the Samoans, accompanied by illustrations, in which, referring to their singular hospitality, he says that "travelling parties can go from end to end of the group without expense for food or lodging, and the official 'Large House,' maintained by each village, is seldom vacant. This peculiar institution is provided by contributions from every family in the place. One of the results of this type of hospitality is that the Samoan has become a great traveller. Large parties, resembling our 'tourists,' band together and go from town to town and from island to island." The Samoan is fond of games of skill, especially of a kind of quoits and of cricket. So strong a hold has the latter game taken upon the natives that it was no uncommon experience to find a village "utterly deserted by its inhabitants, for the entire population would be in a neighboring clearing, watching or taking part" in the game. It is not surprising to learn from another writer that the Samoan is averse to labor, and that those who have attempted agricultural pursuits in the islands have been compelled to import laborers. The rates of wages are "$1 per day for laborers, or $10 per month with food; mechanics from $3 to $5 per day; clerks, $50 per month and board, and bookkeepers $100 per month and board. There are now constantly from 1,000 to 1,500 foreign laborers in the islands." The editor makes a short statement in regard to the work of the National Geographic Society and its organ, which has afforded an opportunity for the publication, in a popular form, of information that might otherwise have lain buried in voluminous reports. The Society has now 1,100 active and 500 corresponding members, and a special effort is being made to increase its membership, in order, among other things, to enlarge the magazine and to add to its attractiveness and value.

The *Annales de Géographie* for May contains an interesting description of a type of a primitive house as shown in the stone structures of southern Italy, known locally as *trulli*, *caselle*, and *specchie*. The trullo, or bee-hive house, is a small hut built of "dried" stones laid without cement, covered with a cupola of the same material. The casella consists of several trulli joined together. The specchie are large truncated stone cones, and were no doubt originally intended for watch towers. Few of these buildings, except possibly some of the third class, are of great antiquity, the peasant of this district to-day regarding the trullo not only as the most economical, but also the dryest and healthiest of habitations. There are several illustrations,

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and a map showing the distribution of the different classes of these buildings, born of a land known in classic days as "*petrosa Apulia.*" There is also an illustrated description of the irrigation works now in process of construction at Assuan and Assiut on the Nile. At the former place at the time of the writer's visit (February, 1899) there were 6,000 laborers employed, of whom 500 were Italians, the remainder natives. Referring to the common idea that in Egypt all things are immovable and unchangeable, he says that "it seems to us, on the contrary, that in few countries are modifications, economic, geographic, and historic, at the present time so profound and so rapid." Pure science is represented in this number by an article on the geography of plants, founded on a recently published work, by A. F. W. Schimper, on 'Plant Geography on a Physiological Basis.'

In *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number four, is the first part of an elaborate study, by Paul Langhans, of the distribution of Germans and Czechs in northern Bohemia. In eight districts examined, a comparison of the census of 1880 with that of 1890 shows that in two districts the Germans, in six the Czechs, have increased. A. Gaedertz continues his account of his preliminary survey in the province of Shantung in the interests of the proposed German railway. He gives some figures showing the great commercial activity which prevails, and the present cost of transportation of the principal products, raw silk, cotton, coal, plaited straw, tobacco, vegetables, and fruit "in great quantities and of good quality."

"You may make a canal or a railway without the consent of a people, but you cannot make a system of justice," said Sir John Scott in a recent address in which he explained the methods whereby he, as judicial adviser to the Khedive, obtained this consent. Acting on the principle that, in judicial reform, "better men, not new measures," were demanded, he began by making provision for the education of Egyptians in Occidental law. Succeeding steps were the removal of hopelessly incompetent and corrupt judges, and the replacing the seven tribunals in which several judges sat, with numerous single-judge courts placed in all parts of the country, over which a strict supervision is held. The result is that cheap and prompt justice is brought within easy reach of every peasant. "There are fewer crimes in Egypt than there are in England in proportion to the population"; but when they are committed, the criminals, whatever their rank or position, are tried by the native judges, who show an independence amazing from the Oriental point of view. "One of the richest and most influential men in Lower Egypt" and a prince, cousin of the Khedive, have been sentenced recently by native judges to a convict prison, the one for forgery, the other for assault. Sir John sums up his work in these closing words: "I found in 1890 a set of native tribunals that were struggling for existence. I leave behind me a set of national tribunals which will, I trust, be the backbone of the country for all time."

The proverbial excellence of the Prussian system of popular education is once more disproved by recent debates in the Landtag. The scarcity of agricultural labor during certain seasons has led the landowners of the Eastern provinces to urge the passage of a law by which the time and duration of school sessions shall be made to depend more largely than heretofore upon "local conditions." In the course of the debate it was shown that there are large districts in Pomerania where the children attend school only during the early morning hours between 5:30 and 9:30. Half-day schools are common in other places. In the province of Posen the dearth of teachers is such that a thousand positions are vacant, and there are schools in which two hundred children, or more, are under the charge of a single teacher! Elsewhere, children under nine years of age are not admitted to school for lack of room. (See the *Pädagogische Zeitung*, May 11, 1899.) It is surprising that in Mecklenburg, which in political matters is so far behind Prussia, the number of pupils intrusted to one teacher does not exceed fifty, about one-half of the average in Prussia, while even in Saxony, probably the most advanced of all German States in matters of popular education, the average number of children to one teacher is seventy-three. It is evident that the efficiency of the school depends largely upon this proportion.

—The report of Mr. Douglas Brymner on the Canadian Archives (Ottawa) once more calls attention to our Government's neglect of the manuscript sources of American history in Europe. The Library of Congress, where transcripts should be found, has never expended a dollar to obtain them. The Pennsylvania Historical Society, under Mr. Stone's direction, has done more than any other society in this good work. The field is practically unworked, however many partial attempts to make an impression may be pointed out. Mr. Brymner has not only systematically taken transcripts of all that the Records Office in England could afford, but he now announces the arrival of copies made in Paris, extending from 1575 to 1767. Instead of Washington being the centre of historical research in the British and French records, Ottawa offers a far richer opportunity, and one that cannot be offset by the Library of Congress for many years. The existence of these deposits serves to attract original material, as the deposit with Mr. Brymner of papers relating to Bougainville proves. The expense of obtaining the transcripts is not heavy; and were a few of the larger libraries to combine, it would be one of the best undertakings for advancing the study of history at a very low cost. No one who has had occasion to write of colonial matters has failed to feel the need of such records. The delay and expense of applying direct to London are prohibitory to individual effort; but a coöperative plan would be simple and effective.

—In his report for 1899, Mr. Brymner covers the records of Upper and Lower Canada during the Dalhousie and Maitland régimes. Certain documents, of especial interest, are printed in full as an introduction, among them being a hitherto unknown letter of Gen. Wolfe. He wrote, in June, 1759, in a tone of irritation at being ordered to Halifax to serve under the orders of one who had just been promoted over his head: "Rather than receive orders in the government of an officer younger than myself (though a very worthy man) I should certainly have desired leave to resign my commission; for as I neither ask nor expect any favor, so I never intend to submit to any ill usage whatsoever." The disputes between Lord Dalhousie and the Assembly are noticed, and some remarkable examples of methods of criticising the actions of the ruling party cited. Whether the question was one of salaries or of a monopoly of offices by a few families, there was always an opportunity for recrimination. The social and political vicissitudes of Judge Willis are touched upon—a disturbing influence as marked as the matter of Mrs. Eaton in Jackson's day. One woman's differences with another woman threatened the very policy of the state. The history of the land companies in Lower Canada is very interesting, as they repeated some of the earlier experiences of our States in dealing with their Western lands; while the "naturalization question" arising from the election to the Assembly and rejection by the Crown of Barnabas Bidwell, an alien, fitly brings the report to a close. This resulted in an alteration in the law, but not in a satisfactory settlement of the question. Mr. Brymner's editing shows care, and this new volume is one more excellent product of his office.

—Mr. A. H. Garland's legal reminiscences ('Experience in the Supreme Court of the United States, with some Reflections and Suggestion as to that Tribunal,' Washington: John Byrne & Co.) are chiefly remarkable for their modesty. Most people of his distinction would have made a couple of octavo volumes out of himself, while here we have only a hundred small pages. They are readable, and here and there the author makes a good point, as where he observes, of the late Justice Bradley, that it is doubtful if any man ever sat on the bench of the Supreme Court who knew "more law and more sorts of law than he." A good story of Roscoe Conkling and "Matt" Carpenter is given. Conkling, with a record of a case coming on at once in court in his hands, applies to Carpenter for light on a point about which he says he is "troubled," and asks what he, Carpenter, would do about it. Carpenter's reply is, "Why, I would employ a good lawyer." Mr. Garland gives a long list of cases in which he was engaged in the Supreme Court, but the one which will perhaps cause his name to be longest remembered was *Ex parte Garland*, in which, as he somewhat grotesquely puts it, "the right of lawyers against legislative encroachments" was vindicated. So conspicuous at the time did this judgment make him that *Ex parte* became a sort of Christian name for him, as *Ad interim* did for another character of the Reconstruction period.

—The apotheosis of wood-engraving appears in 'The Portfolio of National Portraits,' just issued by R. H. Russell of this city. These portraits (India proofs, signed by the artist) are all on the grand scale, and are all from the same graver; but this latter circumstance would, we venture to say, never be inferred by one ignorant of the fact. It is a point of greatness on which we have had more than once occasion to insist in the case of Mr. Gustav Kruell's work (for it is his which is in question), that it is absolutely devoid of technical mannerism; varying partly with the subject and partly with the artist's growth in mastery. The Sherman and the Grant are illustrations of the first, the two Lincolns of the second cause of this individual treatment. On the whole, the development has been towards a richer coloring, and this seems to have been attained even in mere impression—in the Lowell, for instance, as compared with the earlier prints. Mr. Royal Cortissoz, who supplies an introduction, and a judicious comment on each print, rightly dwells on the immense qualities of the Sherman portrait, surpassed by no other of the eight as interpretation of character,

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or as a *tour de force* of the graver, which in the background simulates painting and in the general relief the plastic art. Of all, this portrait seems to us most alive. Besides those already enumerated are heads of Webster, Garrison, and Lee—the marvellous Webster substantially finished in seven days, and calculated to stand the test of seven centuries; the Lee, the latest in the line, and nobly treated, with a sort of arboreal background contrasting with the repose of the person. These seven characters belong to a storm-and-stress period almost forgotten were it not for the pension-budget, and are felicitously grouped. The proofs and letter-press are enclosed in a noticeably elegant *carton*, and may be so preserved, or the portraits may be framed by the happy possessor.

—The second volume of Prof. Friedrich's 'Ignaz von Döllinger' (Munich: Beck) describes Döllinger's eventful career from the beginning of the reactionary régime of the Bavarian Minister Abel in 1837 to the dissolution of the revolutionary Frankfort Parliament in 1849. A queer occurrence, as viewed in the light of later events, was the removal of Prof. Kaiser from the theological faculty of the Munich University in 1841, because he taught the doctrine of papal infallibility, declaring the Pope to be the source from which Holy Writ derives its authority, and the absolute sovereign of the reasoning faculties and the laws of thought. He even stated that the successor of St. Peter might be "personally an unbeliever, a blasphemer, and a heretic," yet in his official capacity, as "the organ of Jesus Christ," he would be, in all his utterances and decisions, unerring and inerrable. This idea was then denounced by the highest dignitaries of the Church as "a crazy notion" and "an abominable heresy," and the genial and tolerant Görres tried to excuse it by characterizing Kaiser as "somewhat crack-brained" (*etwas rappelig im Gehirn*). Thirty years later this tenet, which had been censured by the bishop as the centre of a "whole snarl of false doctrines," was made a "dogma of the Church," which all good Catholics were bound to accept on pain of excommunication. It is no wonder that a serious scholar like Döllinger, who had seen the evolution of the system and its culmination in the Vatican decrees, should refuse to turn a somersault in the arena of dogmatics at the command of the master of the ring. He was honest even in his errors, and intellectual high-vaulting either for place or pelf was not in his line. One of the most interesting chapters is that on the Tractarian Movement in England and Döllinger's relations to it. As a Catholic, he naturally rejoiced in the conversion of prominent Englishmen, and each case of this kind was celebrated with enthusiasm by the Görresverein in Munich. Subsequently these conversions were a matter of deep regret to him, since they served to strengthen the specifically Romish and Jesuitical element in the Catholic Church and contributed essentially to the victory of "curialism" in 1870. Indeed, Manning began to inveigh against Döllinger even before the Vatican Council, and afterwards denounced him with extreme bitterness because he failed to recognize an "impulse of supernatural grace" in the decree of papal infallibility. The account of the Lola Montez episode, and of the row which "her foot of marvellous beauty of form" kicked up in church and state as well as in academic circles, is only another contribution to the history of the foibles and follies of the house of Wittelsbach. As a member of the Frankfort Parliament, Döllinger was far more liberal than the majority of the Conservatives, with whom he naturally associated, and never sacrificed his personal convictions to party fealty. He was an ardent advocate of German unity and a German national church, but soon saw that the time had not come for the realization of these ideals.

THAYER ON EVIDENCE.

A Preliminary Treatise on Evidence at the Common Law. By James Bradley Thayer. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1898.

When a book covers so much ground as this, and is the result of so many years' patient research, it is often difficult to review it at all. Not only must many of its interesting features be passed over in silence for want of space, but as to those selected for discussion, the candid critic must disavow competency to do much more than to give a slight idea of the scheme of the book, and to recommend careful study and comparison of it with the work of the author's predecessors. Prof. Thayer's studies have already attracted wide attention, and promise to attract more; his book is the only investigation of the subject by a lawyer and writer on law of the first rank since the appearance of Stephen's Digest, and it deals with the law of evidence in a manner to most American and English lawyers wholly new—a treatment which may be said to combine the historical, the rationalistic, and the legal methods. As to the authority of the author, it is so thoroughly recognized on both sides of the Atlantic that it is only necessary to say that he has made the subject his own. To our generation he speaks as the master of it.

The idea which underlies the whole book is that what we call the "Law of Evidence" is an historical product of jury trial, or, at any rate, a product of causes of which the development of jury trial was among the effects. Hence, the first four chapters deal with jury trial and its predecessors; *e. g.*, trial by oath, ordeal, and battle. These chapters were published two years ago, in advance of the rest of the book, and reviewed by us at the time. (See the *Nation*, No. 1624.) It is unnecessary here to do more than call attention to the fact of this historical foundation; the remaining chapters now published are most important for their bringing prominently into view the rationalistic aspect of the law of evidence. In reading them, one of the things which force themselves continually upon the attention is the opposition between the probative system adopted by the common law and the logical laws of proof, which, being laws of the human mind, not only underlie, but continually come into conflict with it. Among the matters which are discussed by Mr. Thayer in a way to arouse the liveliest interest, are "Law and Fact in Jury Trials," "Legal Reasoning" as applied to the ascertainment of facts, "Judicial Notice," "Presumptions," "The Burden of Proof," the "Parol Evidence" and the "Best Evidence" rules.

A superstition which the author's researches tend to destroy is one embodied in the maxim, *Ad quæstionem facti non respondent judices, ad quæstionem juris non respondent juratores.* This lies at the very threshold of the subject, for all matters of evidence are matters of fact; and if it be really true that all matters of fact must be passed upon by the jury, and all matters of law by the court, we have at least an important guide to the Law of Evidence. But research shows not merely that there is no hard-and-fast line to-day, but that there never was one. Not only do all general verdicts of a jury, such as the very common one of "Not guilty," involve a conclusion of law (p. 253), but the courts settle and always have settled many questions of fact for themselves.

"Was the deed that was put forward 'rased' or not? If a party claimed the right to defend himself as a maimed person, was it really mayhem? Was a person who presented himself and claimed to be a minor, really under age? A stream of questions as to the reality, the *rei veritas*, the fact, of what was alleged before the justices was constantly pouring in. A prisoner, for example, had confessed; on being brought into court, he declared that it was by duress of his jailer. Was this so? To find this out, the justice took the short cut of sending for several of the fellow-prisoners and the jailer, and questioning them all in the prisoner's presence, and he found that it was not true. This, again, is just as it is to-day. Courts pass upon a vast number of questions of fact that do not get on the record or form any part of the issue. Courts existed before juries; juries only came in to perform their own special office; and the courts have always continued to retain a multitude of functions which they exercised before ever juries were heard of, in ascertaining whether disputed things be true. In other words, there is not, and never was, any such thing in jury trials as an allotment of all questions of fact to the jury." (P. 184.)

A conspicuous illustration of questions of fact disposed of habitually by courts is found in the construction of writings (p. 203). *Rules* of construction and interpretation which a court lays down to a jury are, of course, matters of law; but when a judge tells the jury that a particular clause in a contract has a particular meaning, he is disposing of what is in reality a question of fact. If every question of fact went to the jury, what the parties meant by the words they have used would certainly go to them, yet in many cases the court takes it upon itself to say what they meant, and will not tolerate the introduction of evidence as to intention, even though the result be to give the contract a meaning very different from what the parties are likely to have intended. We are consequently driven to the conclusion that when it is said that such and such a question is a question of "law," it may merely mean that it is a question which the court will dispose of, even though it be a question of fact. In other words, any question disposed of by the court is a question of law, though it be really a matter of fact; any question disposed of by the jury is a matter of fact, though it really involve a question of law. But, unless our aim is to perpetuate a gross confusion of language, we ought rather to speak of "questions for the court" and "questions for the jury." The superstition that all questions of fact must go to the jury, and that all questions of law are for the court, crossing the Atlantic, attracted the attention of those pseudo-law-reformers who were engaged for a whole generation in undermining the authority of judges, as an anti-popular branch of government. In their minds it became converted into the doctrine that the judge ought to have no right to indicate to the jury even his own view of the facts, and, as a result, statutes have been widely passed in our States prohibiting judges from expressing any opinion as to the facts, and confining their function to a mere statement of the

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testimony and the law. This is not trial by jury at all, but a new and bastard species unknown to our ancestors, and, fortunately, still repudiated by the Federal Courts, in which the judge retains much more than in State Courts his ancient power and influence (p. 188, note 2).

What is the "Law of Evidence"? The answer to this question, according to the author's view, is contained in four very interesting chapters, on "Legal Reasoning," "Judicial Notice," "Presumptions," and "The Burden of Proof." If they do not answer the question finally to the satisfaction of all, they certainly throw a flood of light upon it. To the practising lawyer, the law of evidence at any time means only the sum of rules governing the admission and exclusion of evidence in courts of justice. In our system, wherever jury trial exists, nothing is evidence which the court of last resort decides it was error to admit as such; anything is evidence which (admitted by the trial court) is held by the court of last resort to have been properly submitted to the jury. The main question here is perhaps less what is the law of evidence than what are the principles which have governed, and do govern, the development of our law of evidence. At any rate, in these chapters the author shows in a striking way that a great part of what our text-writers are forced to discuss under the head of Evidence should logically come under that of legal reasoning. For instance, there is the subject of judicial notice. Not all matters of fact need to be proved. Of matters of common notoriety, courts take notice without proof. That the sun rises in the east, that night succeeds day, that alcoholic liquors, taken in excess, produce intoxication, that ice is frozen water, that fire burns and that cold freezes, are matters which no court requires to be proved. Yet all this is given as part of the "Law of Evidence." According to Mr. Thayer, the doctrine of judicial notice has no special connection with evidence, but belongs "wherever the process of reasoning has a place, and that is everywhere." A very great proportion of the cases involving judicial notice arise upon some question of pleading, or the construction of a written instrument, or the interpretation of conduct. In short, the function of "taking judicial notice" of notorious facts is a part of the process of reasoning *ad hoc*.

Then why, it may be asked, not agree at once that it is so? Probably because it *may* come up as a question of evidence. In the course of a trial, it may become a question whether a fact is notorious or must be proved. The judge decides that it is notorious, and an exception is taken. The court of last resort decides that the trial judge is right, and we have at once a new so-called "rule of evidence," that the particular matter in question is notorious, and that courts must take judicial notice of it. This rule is now part of the law of evidence, no matter how absurd it may seem, and in future editions of Greenleaf the case must be cited. Such is one of the results of our system; but it is nevertheless unquestionably true that the law of judicial notice pervades the whole *corpus juris*, existed long before the common law or jury trial was ever heard of, and would even survive our law of evidence itself.

In the same way Prof. Thayer shows that presumptions and the burden of proof belong rather to the domain of legal reasoning than to that of the Law of Evidence. Presumptions are only probabilities resting on experience, or public policy, invoked to supply a lack of facts; the burden of proof is only either (*a*) the principle that the *actor* must sustain his case by a preponderance of proof, or (*b*) the burden which rests on one side or the other, at a given stage in the case, of going forward with evidence. All this has nothing to do with the Law of Evidence. It is part of the ratiocinative machinery of judicial inquiry.

In a correct view, then, the Law of Evidence means something much more restricted than it does in the ordinary text-book. It relates merely to "matter of fact offered to a judicial tribunal as the basis of inference to another matter of fact" (page 388). It "prescribes the manner of presenting evidence," *e. g.*, by requiring that it be given in open court, by deposition, etc.; it "fixes the qualifications and the privileges of witnesses, and the mode of examining them," and chiefly it determines, as among probative matters, "what classes of things shall not be received" at all—this function of exclusion from the consideration of the jury being the characteristic one of our Law of Evidence (p. 264).

The distinction which Mr. Thayer has drawn between the principles of legal reasoning and the Law of Evidence is destined to have very wide-reaching effects on the study and development of the whole subject. As will be perceived, it is in some important respects at variance with the system of Stephen. That author made the foundation of his Digest the canon of relevancy—the principle that all the facts in issue, and relevant to the issue, and no others, may be proved. Now, relevancy, in a rational system, has no special relation to evidence. It is a matter of logic. We do not introduce evidence irrelevant to the issue, for the same reason that a judge does not introduce irrelevant remarks in an opinion—because it has no bearing on the matter in hand; and hence the canon of relevancy is not a test, especially as we know, as a matter of fact, that numerous relevant things are every day excluded, such as hearsay, *res inter alios actæ*, opinions, and evidence of character. Outside of the domain of jury trial these things may all be relevant and probative; how can their being ruled out be reconciled with Stephen's canon of relevancy? On looking into his Digest it will be found that he has effected a reconciliation by a very extraordinary and characteristic legal *tour de force:* he introduces two kinds of relevancy—logical and legal relevancy. When he finds that evidence, though logically relevant, is, by a rule of law, excluded from the consideration of the jury, he says it is "*deemed* to be irrelevant." When something is admitted which is logically irrelevant, he says that it is "*deemed* to be relevant to the issue, whether it is or is not relevant thereto."

What was needed to disentangle this metaphysical juggle (which, by the way, was quite unnecessary as a philosophical basis for Stephen's work) was the application of the historical combined with the analytical method. The history of trial by jury shows that the reasons why certain evidence is excluded had no connection whatever with relevancy, or any mental acrobatics by which what is irrelevant is "deemed to be relevant," and vice versa; while analysis shows plainly that relevancy is a logical matter lying at the foundation of any system of trial, or proof, or reasoning. It is a law of the human mind, not of the common law. The true way to state the matter is therefore, this: Apart from legal rule, anything which is relevant to the object of the inquiry—*i. e.*, to guilt, ownership, liability for breach of contract—would be admissible, provided it had a probative character. To be probative, however, as to a particular issue, it must be relevant to that issue. A fact, to be probative, must have a tendency to induce a belief in some other fact. A fall in the mercury proves a fall in temperature. Evidence of the fall in the mercury, at sea, is relevant to an inquiry as to whether we are approaching an iceberg, but not to an inquiry as to our rate of speed. Now, in a judicial inquiry in which the decision of the matter at issue is submitted to a jury, numerous things naturally probative and relevant are excluded, for reasons which are connected with the historical development of jury trial, just as other things are excluded on grounds of public policy; *e. g.*, cumulative evidence is excluded after a time *ut sit finis litium*. But it is these rules of exclusion which constitute the bulk of our Law of Evidence.

Yet, as jury trial becomes for ordinary business less and less important, these artificial rules are gradually encroached upon by exceptions, and we seem to be slowly getting away from the mechanical system of the past two hundred years (the Law of Evidence is mainly the product of the present century, as may be seen by turning to Blackstone, who devotes only a page or two to it), and there is a tendency to admit more and more all proof logically bearing on the matter in hand for what it is worth. Our Law of Evidence grows, mainly, as Mr. Thayer shows, because the bill of exceptions and writ of error enable a litigant to carry up to the tribunal of last resort, after a trial by jury, almost any sort of question which may suggest itself in the guise of a question as to the admissibility of evidence. This, however, is no essential part of our common-law probative system, and has been done away with to an enormous extent in England. In a final chapter the author discusses "The Present and Future of the Law of Evidence," showing that he thinks that, as a rule, the decision of the trial court as to the admission of evidence ought to be final, unless a clear case of abuse or denial of justice can be made out. At present the object of the system seems to be as nearly as possible to make more and more complex a piece of machinery for the multiplication of unnecessary trials, in order that the Law of Evidence may increase in volume and incomprehensibility.

In our effort to explain we have said too little about the interest of the book, which to a lawyer, or student of the law, may fairly be called absorbing. No one can master its contents without feeling that he has been admitted to a share in a profound and original learning, which has pervaded and transfused an old subject with new light. A change seems to have taken place both in ourselves and in what we have been examining. The mystery is a mystery no longer; we have the key at last.

LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT.

Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift. Edited

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by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L., LL.D. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

These letters of Swift to Knightley Chetwode were formerly placed in the hands of John Forster, to be used in his biography of the Dean; but Forster's untimely death before he had reached the period which they cover prevented their publication. Forster, in his preface, refers to them as "the richest addition to the correspondence of the most masterly of English letter-writers"; but, though certainly interesting, they hardly justify that description. Still, there is so much that is mysterious and enigmatical about Swift, and so much in these letters that is characteristic of the man, that their publication is very welcome. The editor has affixed to each letter copious notes explanatory of the circumstances and allusions, which are a model of intelligent and faithful editing.

Knightley Chetwode was an Irish gentleman of ancient family and good estate, whose acquaintance Swift made soon after his retirement to Ireland; and as they agreed in profound discontent with the existing state of things, and in hatred of the Whigs, they soon became great friends, and so continued for about seventeen years (1714-1731), when they squabbled and the correspondence seems to have come to an end. Swift, unfortunately for himself, and for others besides himself, had been poisoned by his residence in London and the flattery of the great. His natural arrogance and self-esteem had been pampered almost to the verge of insanity. In his mind's eye he saw himself a bishop, perhaps a primate, moulding the councils of cabinets and guiding the affairs of a nation. The Whigs having failed to reward him as he thought he deserved, he went over to the Tories, who flattered him to the top of his bent; and the foot of the rainbow seemed but a few paces ahead when the death of the Queen and accession of the house of Brunswick shattered all his hopes, and sent him to his Irish deanery to rage against the Whigs and his ill fortunes, to hate Walpole and the Government, to hate Ireland, its climate, and its people, and gradually to stretch his very energetic powers of hatred and scorn until they included the whole human race.

The earlier of these letters deal mostly with troubles with his choristers, his horses, and his servants. It has taken him six weeks to get rid of "a great cat" left behind by his predecessor, an animal of such unexampled noisomeness that he believes her to be a Whig. He is also afflicted with an ugly old housekeeper, whom "the ladies" (Stella and Mrs. Dingley), on the score of the proprieties, will not let him exchange for a good-looking one. Moreover, he is bothered with debt, having to pay £1,000 for the residence, the first fruits, and the patent. The pressure of these debts and other heavy expenses no doubt increased his natural bent towards parsimony, so that in his later years we note a singular conflict between stinginess and generosity.

In 1715 he writes more about public affairs. He is suspected of Jacobitism, and there are rumors of proceedings against him. He is evidently uneasy, and at one time seems to have been thinking of the possible expediency of flight. Though he kept clear of downright treason, yet he had much sympathy with the Jacobite party, and had many friends in its ranks. Of the Duke of Ormond, who was impeached, he wrote to Pope, "You know . . . how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me. Do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavoring to take off their heads?" Yet this affection does not hinder him from writing to Chetwode: "Yesterday's post brought us an account that the Duke of Ormond is voted to be impeached for high treason. You see the plot thickens. I know not the present disposition of the people of England; but I do not find myself disposed to be sorry at this news."

He solves a case of conscience for his correspondent, who was a Jacobite in heart, and who did not see how he could remain faithful to his principles, and yet abjure the Pretender and swear that he held George I. to be the lawful sovereign. Swift tells him, first, that private men are not to decide upon titles to crowns; secondly, that "lawful" means "according to the law that now is," and, "as the law stands, none has title to the crown but the present possessor." Therefore, the most irreconcilable Jacobite could take the oaths with an easy conscience, for, *as the law stood*, George was the lawful King and James an unlawful pretender. The Vicar of Bray could have been no more dexterous casuist.

There are no letters between 1715 and 1718, and but two in the latter year. There is also a wide gap in Swift's collected correspondence at this time. Probably this was due to the bad state of his health, as he has been complaining of deafness and vertigo. The correspondence is resumed in 1721. He is troubling himself little about public affairs, but is planting elms in the cathedral churchyard, and exasperating his flock by removing ancient tombstones. His deafness is increasing, and he can converse with none but "trebles and counter-tenors," whose high voices he can hear. His partly genuine and partly assumed cynicism and hardness of heart are so predominant in much of his work that it is pleasant to come across a touch of tenderness. He writes on March 13, 1721-2, "I have the best servant in the world dying in the house, which quite disconcerts me. He was the first good one I ever had, and I am sure will be the last. I know few greater losses in life." This faithful servant was buried in the cathedral, and "his grateful master" commemorated his modest worth in an epitaph.

In 1720 Swift had laid aside the indifference with which he had for years professed to regard all matters of state policy, and had come out in the new part of a champion of the Irish people. But by the Irish people Swift always means the Protestant Irish and those of English descent. For the Catholic Irish population he had not the slightest sympathy, and indeed regarded them chiefly as vermin. The Protestant Irish, however, were at least worthy of his contempt. But in Irish affairs he now saw an opportunity for attacking the Whigs and the Whig ministry. The oppression of Ireland by iniquitous legislation had been a grievance of long standing, and it had been steadily aggravated during Anne's reign by a succession of laws expressly designed to destroy Irish manufactures. But of late years a policy had been adopted of building up an English party in Ireland, whose persistent endeavor should be to make Ireland more completely subservient, and to destroy every vestige of national feeling. This policy met with strong opposition among the Protestants themselves; old enemies were reconciled in the sight of a common danger, and there was a movement tending to the formation of an Irish party. Swift seized the opportunity to deal a blow at the Whigs, and entered the arena as an Irish patriot in his anonymous 'Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures,' in which he urged union in hostility to England and a rigid non-importation policy.

In the fall of 1724 Swift, after writing about pears, peaches, and cherry-brandy, drops in a casual way the remark, "There is a Draper very popular, but what is that to me?" This is of course an allusion to the famous "Drapier's Letters," which had begun to make a stir. The affair of Wood's patent was the very fulcrum he needed for the lever which was to shake the ministry. The injury to Irish manufactures was an old grievance; but here was something entirely new which might be invested with any terrors. Ireland was suffering from a scarcity of small coinage, which lack entailed great hardship and loss upon the poor. A certain Wood had undertaken to furnish a supply of copper coin, if given a patent. The profit which a token coinage always yields would in this case go to Wood, and not to the English exchequer; but to the Irish people this could make no particle of difference. Nor did it make any difference to them how fine the copper in the coinage was, so long as the issue was limited to a reasonable quantity, and the coins not a legal-tender for large sums. It is true that Wood bought his patent with a bribe to the Duchess of Kendall; but that was a loss to Wood or to the English exchequer, not to Ireland. In fact, as we can now see, Wood's coinage would really have been of advantage to Ireland, and no doubt Swift knew that very well.

It would be out of place here to comment at length on the Drapier's Letters, which ought to be republished as the perfect *vade-mecum* of a demagogue. All the arts of the sophist, all the devices by which a credulous people can be deluded, are here displayed in perfection, from insinuations, suppressions, assumptions of false premises, bold denials of fact, down to downright lying and self-contradiction. The Drapier declared that the coins were of vile metal; that while twelve English pence contained eleven-pence worth of pure copper, twenty-four of Wood's half-pence contained only one penny's worth —both extravagant falsehoods. Sir Isaac Newton, Master of the Mint, testified that Wood's coinage was as fine as the English; but Swift contemptuously ignores this, goes on assuring the people that it is mere dross, and then makes the amazing assertion that Wood purposely makes his half-pence bad, so that he can counterfeit them himself! Why he should want to do this, and how he could do it if he wanted, Swift (knowing his public) does not trouble himself to explain. He over and over warns the shopkeepers that they will all be ruined, as they will be forced to exchange their good wares for this worthless trash; and then, turning to the workingmen, coolly tells them that they will be ruined also, as their wages will be paid in worthless trash which no shopkeeper will take! It took the audacity of a Swift to put forward such an argument, and the genius of a Swift to see that the people would believe both statements. He triumphed; the ministry yielded, the patent was withdrawn, and Swift was the most popular man in Ireland.

The letters following are much occupied with Swift's increasing infirmities, and with the domestic troubles of Chetwode, who is about to separate from his wife. In one

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of 1726, in answer to some inquiry his correspondent had made about the poem "Cadenus and Vanessa," Swift says that he "forgets what is in it," that "it was a task performed on a frolick among some ladies," and "a private humorsome thing," and adds: "She it was addressed to died some time ago." He is annoyed that people talk about "such a trifle," but their conduct "only gives me the ungrateful task of reflecting on the baseness of mankind." Many besides Swift have reflected on human baseness when they have read the piteous story of Vanessa.

In 1731 ill-feeling sprang up between Swift and Chetwode, it is not clear from what cause, as some of the letters of this period have been suppressed or destroyed. Swift writes with supercilious contempt, to which Chetwode sharply replies, and thus "the friendly correspondence which had spread over so many years, is brought to a close with mocks and gibes." Such is the editor's conclusion, but the present reviewer will venture to express a doubt whether this was really the close, and whether the quarrel was not made up after all. In the letter on p. 247, which is inserted in 1731, just before the quarrel, Chetwode deplores Swift's long and severe lameness, and gives him advice about it. Now Swift, we know from the published correspondence, was lame from a severe strain during almost the whole year 1732, but not, so far as we know, in 1731; and the editor confesses that he does not know how to account for the discrepancy. But this letter of Chetwode's is *undated*, nor is there a word in it which might not have been written in 1732. Where, then, is the difficulty of supposing that, after the falling-out of 1731, there was some sort of a reconciliation, and that then this letter was written? Indeed, there is a sort of guarded politeness in it, and apparent fear of being misunderstood, which would be natural under those circumstances.

On the vexed question of Swift's marriage, these letters throw no light. When he has occasion to speak of marriage, it is in the character of a bachelor, as in Letter 53, where he says, "Those who have been married may form juster ideas of that estate than I can pretend to do." The editor seems to be one of those who (rightly, the present reviewer thinks) disbelieve it. He calls attention to the fact that, in Swift's written prayers for Stella's recovery, no word seems to indicate any closer relation than that of strong friendship and regard. This fact would have great weight if we could accept these prayers as the spontaneous outpourings of the writer's heart, and not as manuscripts to be printed some day.

The book is enriched with interesting portraits and views, and is almost wholly free from typographical errors, though "Pemsall" for "Perusall" on p. 1, may puzzle some readers.

Pitt: Some Chapters of his Life and Times. By the Right Hon. Edward Gibson, Lord Ashbourne. With portraits. Longmans, Green & Co. 1898.

We know that in some quarters disappointment has been caused by the scope of this work. It was hoped that Lord Ashbourne was preparing a connected and extensive biography, something which should be more interesting than the wooden narrative of Bishop Tomline and more detailed than Lord Rosebery's sketch—something, even, which should prove more generally adequate than Lord Stanhope's 'Life.' But now, on its publication, the new book is seen to be little more than a series of loosely connected chapters, with large gaps between, and not in the least comprehensive. Thus Pitt still remains without his long-expected and final biography, much to the regret of Tories and other ardent admirers. With this view we feel a certain degree of sympathy, for Lord Ashbourne could have rendered useful service by going thoroughly over the whole ground, and by reason of his personal connections he was in an excellent position to do so. Still, there is no just reason why he should be assailed for the ill performance of a task which apparently he never undertook. He produces a large number of new documents—family and political letters in the main—and illustrates certain phases of Pitt's career more fully than has been done before. He cannot be said to have wrought anything monumental; but within the self-appointed limits he is reasonably successful, and should not be pounced upon for failure to execute what was no part of his design.

The papers hitherto unpublished which Lord Ashbourne now brings forward are derived from private muniment rooms rather than from the national archives, and, as being less accessible than public property, lend a special value to the volume wherein they are contained. During twenty-five years Pitt was in close and constant correspondence with the chief families of England, and, owing to his official eminence, the letters would be carefully preserved. Perhaps the most important collection of Pitt holographs which still remains in private hands belongs to Mr. Ernest Pretyman, M.P., a great-grandson of Pitt's tutor at Cambridge. Dr. Pretyman is better known under his later name of Tomline. Pitt appointed him Bishop of Lincoln, and was deterred only by the royal negative—after a serious correspondence—from making him Archbishop of Canterbury. Perhaps no one stood closer to the Prime Minister than Tomline, and although his own account of Pitt is a failure, he possessed and handed down a splendid set of documents. The late Lord Bolton and the present Lord Stanhope also furnished Lord Ashbourne with important and unpublished MSS.

The proportion of documents to comment is so great that Lord Ashbourne stands midway between the independent historian and the editor. He begins with a sketch of Pitt's early years (which is chiefly significant as illustrating the devotion of both his parents) and then plunges into the midst of Irish affairs—the theme which gives these scattered "chapters" whatever unity they possess. The scene opens with the Duke of Rutland's appointment to the Viceroyalty in 1784, a date when commercial relations between the two countries were causing much difficulty. The longest and most independent contribution of Lord Ashbourne's own is a review of Irish society and economic life at the moment of Rutland's arrival in Dublin. Some information about the Viceroy is given, and more about his Chief Secretary, Thomas Orde; then, after the Commercial Resolutions have been introduced and discussed, the action shifts back to England, where for a while it centres around Pitt's intercourse with his mother and elder brother. Presently Irish politics are resumed and carried forward to the period of the Union, the thread of development running through the vice-royalties of Fitzwilliam and Cornwallis.

Those who are at all familiar with Lord Ashbourne's political leanings will expect him to praise Pitt's share in effecting the Union, and his encomium is indeed a strong one.

"The Union was a great measure—the most important of Pitt's life and policy. Opinions may differ as to the time selected for its enactment, as to the means employed, as to the measure itself, but no one can deny its importance or the largeness of its conceptions. Its author's motives and aims have been impugned; but impartial history will not deny that he was influenced by true and generous motives of public spirit, and that he himself believed he was acting for the best interests of the Empire and of Ireland."

This passage refers to the Union as a legislative conception, which took form and found its way into the statute-book. When the controversies arising from the execution of the measure are broached, Lord Ashbourne drops into a subdued strain, and admits that Pitt's "warmest admirer, in considering his career after the Union, has to use much more the language of explanation than of eulogy."

The last sixty-six pages form an epilogue dealing with the increase of cares and the failing health which weighed Pitt down in his last days. Of his career as a peace minister and reformer before 1793 nothing is said, nor of his part in the Revolutionary and Napoleonic contest. His relations with Ireland, his family ties, and his personal friendships are the sole subjects which Lord Ashbourne cares to consider.

Beyond any doubt whatever, the rarest and most striking chapter of the book is that entitled "Pitt's One Love Story." Pitt was systematically prepared by his father for political life. He regularly subordinated personal pleasures to the public service, whether in Parliament or in the Cabinet; never in modern times has a man belonged more exclusively to the state. Accordingly, when an authentic version of his fondness for Eleanor Eden is for the first time given, it cannot fail to awaken curiosity. Rumors and fragments of the story have been given before. On the word of Lady Hester Stanhope, the affair nearly broke Pitt's heart, but most readers will agree with Lord Rosebery —"Lady Hester's statements do not impress me with conviction." Putting by the question of sincerity, she cannot rank as an authoritative witness: she was too romantic, effusive, and fond of telling a good story. Lord Ashbourne has the advantage of Pitt's favorite niece, in that he can show important letters which disclose how far—externally at least—the matter went.

Eleanor Eden was the daughter of Lord Auckland, a man whom Pitt trusted, employed, and raised to the peerage. Although she was by eighteen years the younger of the two, Pitt had not reached forty in 1796, the year when their reported engagement became a matter of public gossip. She had good looks, intellectual quickness, and a suitable social position. Furthermore, Pitt was strongly attached to her. It was during the Christmas holidays of 1796 that marriage seriously entered his thoughts. He then visited the Aucklands at Eden Farm, and went too far for his own comfort, though doubtless without committing himself so far that retraction was necessarily dishonorable. On his return to Downing Street in the early

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part of January, he considered the matter from every point of view, and decided that he must not marry. Having painfully reached this conclusion, he conveyed it to Lord Auckland in clear-cut and irrevocable words. Auckland in reply urged him to wait till he was quite sure, but Pitt had settled his course of action past hope of alteration, and in a second letter, January 22, 1797, closed the subject, using words which concealed, under the studied formality of a state-paper style, a good deal of emotion:

"Indeed, my dear lord, I did not bring myself to the step I have taken without having, as far as I am able, again and again considered every point which must finally govern my conduct. I should deceive you and every one concerned, as well as myself, if I flattered myself with the hope that such an interval as you suggest would remove the obstacles I have felt or vary the ground of my opinion."

In all the mechanical respects of paper, binding, and illustration, this volume is worthy of its distinguished subject.

History of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. With Plan of Organization, Portraits of Officials, and Biographical Sketches. By William Bender Wilson. Illustrated. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 418, 321. Philadelphia: H. T. Coates & Co.

The history of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company includes the interesting story of the transition from canals to railways. Everybody knows that canals were generally built and operated by the State, and were preeminently the "public works" during the twenty years following the completion of De Witt Clinton's great achievement in New York. Few are aware that Pennsylvania, in her enterprising effort to maintain the commercial supremacy which Philadelphia then held, not only built her canal as far as possible up both slopes of the Alleghanies, on the head-waters of the Juniata and the Conemaugh, and completed her communication from Pittsburgh to the sea by a portage over the mountain pass, but also seized upon the improved tramway with strap rails and horse power to supplement the waterways by the iron road. In 1834 such a road was completed by the Board of Canal Commissioners from Philadelphia through Lancaster to Columbia, and the new steam locomotive was tried upon it with partial success. The State at first retained the control of both methods of transportation between Philadelphia and Harrisburg, but in 1846 incorporated the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to build a continuous railroad from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh. The general route of the canal was also that of the road, the portage over the Alleghany crest was improved by inclined planes with stationary engines drawing the trucks by cables (first of hemp and then of wire), and by these for a time the railway cars as well as the canal-boats in sections were passed over the mountain summit. In 1852 the first through train passed between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh by this coöperation between the State and the Company in the portage and the line east of Harrisburg.

Then followed a rivalry and contest between State management and private corporation which practically ended in favor of the latter, when in 1854 the railroad company opened its own line from Altoona to Johnstown through a tunnel at the summit, and withdrew its business from the portage inclined planes. The sale of the State interest in railways soon followed, and the Pennsylvania trunk line was an accomplished fact.

In the piping times of the war between Andrew Jackson and Nicholas Biddle and the boom which collapsed in the panic of 1837-'38, the political management of canal and railroad building quickly developed all the methods of plunder which have ever since marked such control. Favoritism in contracts, political appointments of incompetent and corrupt officers, unthrifty and dishonest conduct of business, a special bag at the paymaster's table in which the political assessments of employees were openly placed—all were in full operation, and make it easy to understand why State control stood no chance in competition with the discipline, energy, economy, and wisdom which the private corporation brought to its task.

For several years the railroads, both State and private, allowed the use of the track to shippers and transportation companies who furnished their own cars and horse-power, as canal shippers had their own boats and horses; tonnage tolls and passenger tolls being the only revenue of the road itself. Then the Company put on its locomotives as the increasing business demanded unity of control and power of carrying out complicated schedules for running trains. Last came the ownership of all rolling-stock by the Company, with the exception of sleeping-cars and coöperative fast-freight lines. It is both curious and instructive that, in the later contests between railroads and the "Granger" laws in the West, the effort was made to force the renewal of the crude methods of the canal and horse tramway, and to allow any shipper to furnish his own car and demand its hauling at a fixed rate.

The writer of the book before us is the son of Thomas L. Wilson, who was Secretary of the old Board of Canal Commissioners, and has received from his father a valuable store of information and anecdotes concerning the experimental period of railway management, with incidents relating to the early surveys and construction. He himself entered the service of the Company in 1855 as a telegraph operator. The simple narrative of facts in the extension of the Pennsylvania system and the absorption of one small road after another, under the business principle that unity in the management of natural branches and feeders is a condition of success for the trunk line, is a most telling lesson in railway policy. The power and profit of union, the loss and bankruptcy coming of multiplicity of small and rival lines, are developed, not by argument but by history, and the history should be studied carefully by everybody who would form intelligent opinions on railway problems in their relation to the State.

Mr. Wilson's second volume is made up of biographical sketches of the men who have had leading parts in the building, management, direction, and administration of the system and its divisions. Though written to interest the officers and employees of the railroad primarily, the brief story of the rise of so many men to eminence in their profession, their preliminary education, their development in power as shown by their advancement, their very general continuance in the Company's service during a long career, will make the book a useful study for the sociologist or for aspiring young men, as well as an attractive one to the general reader.

The printing and binding are well done, and the illustrations combine numerous old-time woodcuts of towns and scenes in the early forties, compared with recent photographs. Picturesque scenery on the line is reproduced in half-tone, as is the large gallery of portraits in the second volume.

The Book of Golf and Golfers. By Horace G. Hutchinson. Longmans, Green & Co. 1899.

The object of this book is not exactly to give elementary instruction. This has already been done by Mr. Hutchinson and many others, to so great an extent that it seems impossible that anything can remain to be said that can be of service to man, woman, or child. The author's idea is to call in the aid of modern photography, and, by presenting pictures of a number of leading experts caught in the act of making strokes, assist inferior players to imitate the methods of the masters. The result is a book that cannot fail to be interesting to golfers because of the personal element to be found in the descriptions of the players photographed, but we are entirely sceptical as to its educational value. In fact, it is a question whether the standard of play has been improved in the very slightest degree by the recent extraordinary production of golf literature. That the standard is constantly advancing, both here and elsewhere, is beyond doubt, and is proved conclusively by the marked improvement in scores; but we believe that this improvement is due to the increasing number of players rather than to the teachings of the books. However this may be, the subject of golf has become one of absorbing interest to a great number of readers, and in the present volume these readers will find the conclusions of experts based on last year's tournaments, and will note that in some respects these differ from the earlier wisdom of the Badminton book.

The most obvious inference to be drawn from an examination of this gallery of portraits is against teaching golf by books, for the reason that in golf all rules of procedure must yield to individual peculiarities. The individual is everything and "orthodoxy" nothing. Take, for instance, the vital question of the stance for driving. Most of the books agree that the player should stand with the ball about midway between his feet. But what do we find to be the actual practice of the best players as shown by their photographs? Mr. Graham has the ball almost opposite the right foot, while Mr. Tait and most of the longest drivers place the ball close to the left foot. The fact is, that no two individuals are built exactly alike, and, as success at golf is the result of nice adjustments of hands and feet and club, every player must find out for himself how to make these adjustments, and it is absurd to lay down the law and claim the merit of "orthodoxy" for any particular method.

The chapter on "Golf in the United States," contributed by Mr. Whigham, refers to one point which is of great importance in considering the future of the game in this country. In England and Scotland it is the "poor man's game," but here it is a very expensive amusement. The cost of obtaining and laying out a course is very great, and necessitates heavy subscriptions from those who make use of it; and the additional cost of clubs, balls, and caddies is quite considerable. The next few years will show whether the present universal interest is merely temporary, or is sufficiently strong to overcome various difficulties, among which this

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matter of expense is one of the most serious.

Idylls of the Sea. By Frank T. Bullen. D. Appleton & Co. 1899.

An American or British deep-water sailorman of the old school had attained to the limit of fearlessness. Training and association made him self-reliant and resourceful, and the imminent perils and privations that he was called upon to face at sea taught him to meet with philosophical equanimity the vicissitudes of fortune. Moreover, it was impossible for him to take himself seriously, for speech and fist were vigorously employed to impress upon him the quality of complete insignificance. Mr. Bullen, the author of 'Idylls of the Sea,' was trained in this school, for he commenced his nautical career as a sailor before the mast in square-rigged ships. In launching, however, his two volumes that treat of ocean life, he betrays singular timidity; for each is prefaced with a letter of praise and commendation by a writer of distinction (the 'Cruise of the *Cachalot*' by one from Rudyard Kipling, and the book under notice by another from J. St. Loe Strachey). These entirely unnecessary documents convey the impression that Mr. Bullen, under their shield, is seeking protection from adverse criticism. There is no need of this, for Mr. Bullen is strong enough to stand upon his own merits, especially in his latest venture, which is a distinct advance upon its predecessor. In 'Idylls of the Sea' he avoids the snares of geographical inaccuracy and "Yankee" vernacular, in which he became hopelessly entangled in his first volume, and confines himself with success to short, condensed tales of various phases of life upon the sea. Some of them have a quality reminiscent of Maupassant; notably that one called "The Passing of Peter."

The author is weak when he endows inhabitants of the waters of the ocean with the power of speech. The "Idyll" called "A True Shark Story" opens with the soliloquy of a mother shark who deplores a temporary scarcity of provisions for herself and the young to which she is giving transportation in her gullet. In this emergency a pilot-fish, who addresses her as "partner," informs her in colloquial English that "there's a lump of fat pork almost as big as your head hanging over that ship's stern." This is welcome news, and, under guidance of the pilot, the shark approaches, turns on her back, and swallows the bait along with a hook attached to a line by which she is hauled to the deck of the vessel. The Captain, who is a humane man, gives orders that she shall not be taken aboard. "Just sprit'sle yard him 'n let him go agen," he pleasantly remarks; whereupon a piece of scantling, pointed at both ends and about four feet long, is got from the carpenter. This the sailors drive through her jaws from side to side. Another wedge-shaped piece is driven through her snout; the wide pectoral fins are amputated, and the shark is cut loose from the hook and returned to the sea. The result of the "sprit'sle" treatment was that the fish was unable to control its movements, or to get its head below the surface of the water; consequently it died slowly of exhaustion. One of the passengers on the ship, described as a "gentle-faced man," was moved by the performance "to mutter" "What abominable cruelty!" The assembled mariners regarded him with pity and wondered "at his lack of sporting instincts."

All of Mr. Bullen's "Idylls" must not be judged by the specimen quoted. Most of them are fine examples of dramatic and descriptive writing. "The Cruise of the Daisy" is distinguished in that particular. All of them, with the exception of "A True Shark Story," are worthy of high commendation. "Studies on Marine Natural History" form the second part of the "Idylls." They are full of interest. The third section is made up of a collection called "Other Sketches," one of which, entitled "Truth about the Merchant Service," is opportune in these days when the manning of the ever-growing fleets of battle-ships in England by native seamen is a matter that is giving considerable concern to the naval authorities. The "Truth" applies with equal force to a deficiency that confronts our own service.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau and the Cosmopolitan Spirit in Literature. By Joseph Texte. Translated by J. W. Matthews. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Macmillan.

Among the many recent works of comparative literary criticism, few hold so high a place as this volume by M. Joseph Texte, in so far as fulness of treatment, breadth and accuracy of insight, and sustained interest are concerned. Its purpose is to set forth the literary relations established between the two leading productive nations of the last century by their respective representative writers, and, while demonstrating the steady growth of the cosmopolitan idea, to suggest criteria which assist one in the difficult task of distinguishing between cheap or direct borrowing on the one hand, and that form of literary indebtedness produced by generous international sympathies or the subtler influence of affinity in genius. According to M. Texte, the initial process in this vital transformation of literary conceptions was the direct outcome of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which dispersed no less than four hundred thousand French exiles, chiefly over northern Europe, and transferred energy and independence of thought to more favorable conditions of activity. Several international reviews, published for the most part in Holland, transmitted to France the foreign impressions of the refugees, thus preparing the way for active propagandism by Prévost and Voltaire. But it is to Rousseau, who combined the genius of the Latin and the Germanic race, that we must ascribe the principal share in this broadening of literary interest aroused in himself by the tendencies and products of English thought; for with him, as with others, the conception of world-literature began with the realization that other nations besides his own had written worthily and well. Tracing Rousseau's sympathies to their origin in the widespread Anglomania of his age and to the initial impulse of Muralt, the critic dwells at much greater length on the immediately telling results of Richardson's work upon the author of 'La Nouvelle Héloïse.' The chapter dealing with Richardson's novels is an admirable model of comprehensive, yet minute, criticism. In measuring the weight of influence of 'Clarissa Harlowe' upon 'Héloïse,' there might perhaps be opportunity for further insistence on the community of bourgeois sentiment which runs through the work of both the English and the French novelist; in the one it takes the form of strictures on social superiors (Lovelace) or of adulation (Grandison), while in the other the same feeling displays itself in angry and rebellious contempt. For precisely the same reason, we may well doubt whether Rousseau could ever have been brought to understand the enduring worth of Fielding, whom, as M. Texte significantly admits, he nowhere mentions (p. 228).

As to the causes contributing to the rapid diffusion of Rousseauism—that is, of vaguely defined cosmopolitanism, and the exaltation of middle-class virtues—the principal one is undoubtedly to be found in the more than apostolic vehemence with which Jean Jacques never failed to express himself on the subject of the moment; in verification of which we need but turn to the amazing success of 'Émile,' with its violent paradoxes, and the ready acceptance, even by those whose interests it attacked, of the hazy humanitarianism of the 'Contrat Social.' Is it not because of this power of passionately insisting on what he feels for the time being that Rousseau, like Burke, looms up so large in the history of eighteenth-century thought?

M. Texte proceeds to show how Rousseau's defiance of restrictive literary canons affected the method of criticism by directing attention not to standards, but to feeling, thus insuring the ultimate triumph of lyrical impulse and expression by the Romantic school led off by Chateaubriand. But the more direct inheritor of the "exotic" spirit, the transmitter of cosmopolitan influence, was unquestionably Mme. de Staël, who thus shares with her great fellow-countryman the credit of stirring up the lethargic provinciality which the survivors of French classicism vainly strove to preserve. With this *denationalizing* of the literary point of view M. Texte is obviously in hearty sympathy, though in no part of his treatise does he attempt a full discussion of the æsthetic postulates involved. His readers will, without exception, hope that he may at some time take up this great task. Of his present truly admirable work a reviewer can hardly speak with only moderate praise. It is true that the principal positions and conclusions contained in this volume are for the most part granted without much dispute by competent authorities on French literature, notably by M. Brunetière, the effect of whose comparative teaching is clearly discernible, as well as amply acknowledged by his erstwhile pupil; but it seldom happens that studies in international literary criticism reveal researches at once so wide, so exact, and so systematically applied. We trust that neither M. Texte nor his translator will be displeased to learn that, but for the indications of title-page and preface, the work might easily be taken for an English original.

Islam in Africa: Its Effects—Religious, Ethical, and Social—upon the People of the Country. By Anson P. Atterbury. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899. Pp. xxiv, 208, 8vo.

The nature and extent of the influence of Mohammedanism upon the native African of our day, and its preponderant quality, whether good or evil, form a subject which presents many and serious difficulties, arising chiefly from our comparative ignorance of the facts. With this limitation, Dr. Atterbury's treatment of it is as satisfactory as could be expected in a book of 200 pages. A brief sketch of Mohammed and his re-

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ligious system, which errs, if at all, on the side of charity, and a short account of the native races, introduce his main theme, the missionary, political, moral, and religious character of the recent Mohammedan conquests. Some observations follow on the change wrought in the African by his conversion as shown by a few typical examples, with a forecast of the future, in which the author contends that Islam as a civilizing agency in Central Africa and the Sudan must inevitably yield to Christianity and commerce as represented by the potent railway. With his general conclusion that whatever good Mohammedanism may have accomplished in elevating the native has been far outweighed by the frightful evil which has accompanied its progress, we are in complete and hearty accord. But with some of his statements we find it difficult wholly to agree; as, for instance, when, in reference to the claim made by some writers that Mohammedanism is the "great total-abstinence society of Central Africa," he says that "the Arabs themselves are the chief importers of intoxicating spirits into Africa." Is this true on the West Coast, where the liquor traffic is at its height? We doubt if it is just to say that the principal occupation of the Arab is slave-trading. He was first and always a trader, and obtained slaves because they were necessary to carry his wares, chiefly ivory, to market. With the advent of the railway he will cease to be either slave-trader or slave-holder, but he will remain a zealous follower of the Prophet.

Dr. Atterbury, in his reliance on the statements of older travellers, seems to lose sight of the changed conditions of the present time, when an Egyptian pasha can be tried for having a recently captured slave in his household. He looks forward to the "inevitable conflict of Christianity with Islam," but to us it seems more probable that the day is not far distant when, as in India, so in Africa, under a strong and righteous government, pagan, Mohammedan, and Christian will live in peace together.

A Texas Ranger. By N. A. Jennings. Scribners.

In the days of Reconstruction, the Texas Rangers were divided into six companies, and to them was intrusted the task of clearing the western part of the State of the swarm of bandits who made a comfortable livelihood by plunder and incidental murder on both sides of the border. As some three thousand of them had actually been outlawed by the State, there was work in plenty to be done. The Rangers were equal to it. With absolute indifference to death, they attacked the ruffians wherever and whenever they met them. After a series of bloody encounters, the organized bands were disrupted, and the Rangers ran the thieves to earth or drove them from the State. Their method of procedure was as summary as that of a vigilance committee. If the outlaws were in force, their pursuers would shoot at sight; if there were but few of them, a Ranger's first duty was to "get the drop" on his man, his next to lodge him in the nearest jail. The pursued habitually attempted to save themselves by escaping to Mexico, and the Rio Grande became the despair of the Rangers. Mr. Jennings tells how his troop of thirty men, vexed past endurance, and hoping that the United States troops would back them up, actually crossed the river on one occasion, and attacked ten times their number of cattle-thieves at a Mexican ranche. Unhappily for the Rangers, and very fortunately for the United States, the military authorities refused to risk a war with Mexico.

Throughout his lively narrative Mr. Jennings has many pretty "tall" stories to tell, but, like a judicious historian, he tells the "tallest" of them on the authority of others.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Arnold-Forster, H. O. A History of England. Cassell.
Bangs, J. K. The Dreamers. A Club. Harpers. $1.25.
Bloundelle-Burton, John. Fortune's My Foe. Appletons.
Browne, Phyllis. The Dictionary of Dainty Breakfasts. Cassell. 50c.
Casey, Rev. P. H. Notes on a History of Auricular Confession. Philadelphia: J. J. McVey. 25c.
Clarke, Rev. W. N. What Shall We Think of Christianity? Scribners. $1.
Dinwiddie, William. Puerto Rico. Its Conditions and Possibilities. Harpers. $2.50.
Elson, H. W. Side Lights on American History. Macmillan. 75c.
Garland, Hamlin. The Trail of the Goldseekers. Macmillan. $1.50.
Gibson, Rev. E. C. S. The Book of Job. [Oxford Commentaries.] Macmillan. $1.25.
Hole, S. R. Our Gardens. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $3.
Howe, Hon. James. Lady Louisa Stuart. Selections from her Manuscripts. Harpers. $2.
Hutchinson, W. B., and Criswell, J. A. E. Patents, and How to Make Money Out of Them. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.25.
James, Prof. C. C. Practical Agriculture. Appletons.
Jordan, Prof. D. S. Imperial Democracy. Appletons.
Lawton, N. C. Rudyard Kipling the Artist. New York: Morse Co.
Mather, M. W., and Wheeler, A. L. Latin Prose Writing. Harpers.
McCarthy, Justin. Reminiscences. 2 vols. Harpers. $4.50.
Norris, W. E. Giles Ingilby. Philadelphia: Drexel Biddle.
Paterson, Arthur. Cromwell's Own. A Story of the Great Civil War. Harpers. $1.50.
Platt, Prof. H. S. Labiche's La Grammaire. Boston: Ginn & Co. 40c.
Pier, A. S. The Pedagogue. A Story of the Harvard Summer School. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.
Rolfe, W. J. Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 30c.
Sewall, Alice A. An Ode to Girlhood, and Other Poems. Harpers. $1.25.
Stetson, Charlotte P. The Yellow Wall Paper. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 50c.
Tyler, Thomas. Ecclesiastes. New ed. London: David Nutt.
Vanderbilt, Mrs. Gertrude L. The Social History of Flatbush. Appletons.
Wells, H. G. When the Sleeper Wakes. Harpers. $1.50.

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